

**FREE**

# SLUG

A black and white photograph of a dense crowd of people, likely at a protest or public gathering. The image is heavily overlaid with the word "DESCENDENTS" in large, bold, sans-serif capital letters. The text is arranged in a grid-like pattern, with some letters in white and others in a vibrant green color, creating a high-contrast, visually striking effect. The background shows the silhouettes and partial faces of many people, suggesting a large-scale event. The overall composition is dynamic and emphasizes the theme of social or political descent.





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# DEAR DICKHEADS...

21 November 1997  
The Editor SLUG Magazine  
Salt Lake City Utah USA

Dear Dickhead,

I had the grave misfortune to find your publication in the magazine pouch of the seat in front of me while cruising at an altitude of 35,000 ft somewhere over Greenland on route for London. It had obviously been left by some degenerate sole who had nothing left in life but to pass his or her days reading such trash.

Having spent the last 140 minutes of my precious life being forced to watch the Spice Girls movie (as I was travelling economy) which made me ill, I had no other alternative but to glance through the well thumbled pages of SLUG magazine. To my disgust I found in it's pages nothing but filth and fit for only those who are hell bent on debauchery. If I now had the option of putting my hand back into that magazine pouch and find either a copy of SLUG or an old airsick bag which was full, wet through and about to burst, I would have no hesitation about selecting the latter.

Yours Sincerely,  
—Envious in England

P.S. WHERE CAN I BUY THIS F\*\*\*ING PIECE OF TRASH IN LONDON, OR ARE YOU FRIGHTENED YOU MAY TEACH US BRIT'S SOMETHING ABOUT CULTURE?

*Ed: Don't you Brits think you've done enough, what with the Spice Girls, Oasis, blood sausage, & that damn queen of yours... what's her name?... Elton John?*

Slug,

I'm willing to forgive Mr. McClellan's incomplete sentences and missed capitalizations as part of his hipster literary style, but writing stuff like "your's truly" and "if your on a limited budget" makes us music fans look like illiterate wankers. Just because we read free magazines

doesn't mean we don't appreciate good writing.

—W.R.

P.S. How do you choose your freelance writers anyway? Looks like you need more women. I'm here for ya.

*Ed: You mean I'm here for you... It is a rare occasion that we turn down freelance writing, regardless of gender, in fact one of our writers does a little trick with a pen that would amaze you. So if you wanna write... bring it on!*

dicks@slugmag.com

Am I the only one that thought the whole comp was bullshit. I was told by too many people that the gig was fixed four days (what?) before it even went down. Although it was fun to play at the Zephyr club, the whole ordeal ranked up there with sittin in fucking church for four hours or being subjected to some derma derma thickneck football game. BYU no less. except that instead of receiving the sacrament I received a stamp on my hand for free beer! Praise the Lord. Now who do you think is the real Jack Mormon. been there done that.  
—CJK. PornoCarpet

*Ed: Apparently, I have to respond to every letter this month. I was a judge. It was not fixed. If you want to ask someone even more impartial, ask Rick @ Salt City or Bill @ KRCL. They were judges too.*

Dear Dickheads,

Thank you for having the nerve to print the page of breasts on page 34 last issue with the caption "it's art baby get over it". I am assuming this is in response to BYU's absurd censoring of the Rodin exhibit. Maybe they will wake up and realize the human body is not a disgusting thing, and art is art, whether it offends the LDS church or not.

—Lori M. (A BYU Student)

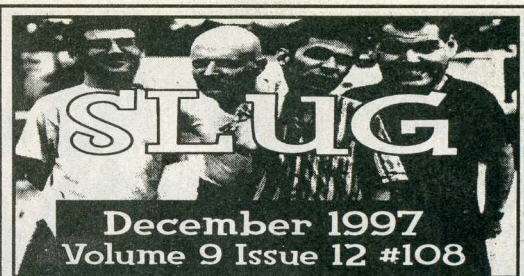
**You got somethin to say?...**

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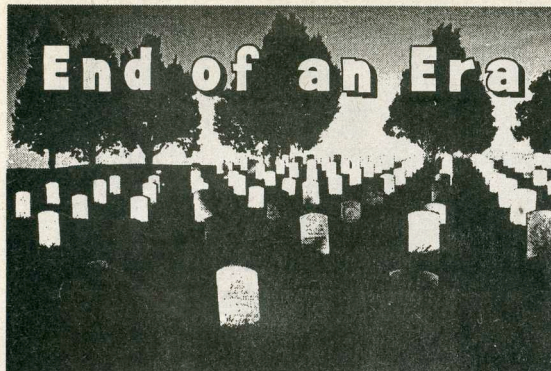
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As I Witness the unruly growth of Salt Lake, fueled by the oh so eagerly anticipated arrival of the 2002 Winter Olympics. I wonder just what in the hell is happening here. What I have concluded is that with every new hotel, subdivision, population explosion and minimall that are all too common as of late, that we are systematically losing the cultural landmarks and longtime staples of venue. Referring to the recent closure of the Bar and Grill and the soon to be demise of Raunch Records. both of which have played a vast role in providing the greater SLC Metro area with a sorely needed source of independant music.

I can attribute most of my present day existence to both of these mecca's. Circa July, 1984 when a visionary, one Brad Collins along with partner Daphne first opened the

doors of Raunch at its first locale "Positively Fourth Street" S.L.C. would no longer be absent of resource as far as underground music and clothing were concerned. Raunch Records would then become the cornerstone of the entire music scene. Brad's further contributions to this previously culture void scene will forever mark this historic transformation. His several year tenure as a D.J. for his punk show "Behind the Zion Curtain" was a weekly fix for thousands of Angst Ridden youth, his fur-

ther promotion and determination to bring thousands of bands to Utah have more than help mold and create a virtual encyclopedia of good memories. It was Raunch Records that can be held responsible for bringing bands like Black Flag, The Dead Kennedy's, Husker Du, The Meat Puppets, Sam Hain, Discharge, 45 Grave, The Subhumans, and so many more that I can't even begin to list even a fraction of which. And it is at eh Bar and Grill where a good portion of these events took place. Bands like the Melvins, The Buzzcocks, The Cadillac Tramps, Agent Orange, The Humpers, Wool, or Man or Astro Men are jsut the surface of what the Bar and Grill has provided. Equally important are the thousands of local bands that graced the stage repeatedly. I refuse to forget the against the grain, truly alternative attitude that was so gloriously displayed via

these two institutions. How ironic it is to now see a once exclusive, genuinely underground form of ART be stripped outright fo its individuality and integrity to the wayside of popular acceptance and acquisition into the mainstream. It is a tragedy to think that all of my sanctuarial destination are now or will soon be defunct.

I clearly remember when records that were strictly banned form mega-media outlets could only be found at Raunch. Nowit is the cash cow for stores like Media Play, and Blockbuster Music. I guess I should've seen it all coming when United Concerts contracted Raunch Records in a feeble attempt to turn it into a Data-Tix outlet. As was expected Brad refused the offer in a manner that further

goes to show his discontent towards the MAN.

Rauch does not deserve to go out like this. The 13 year plus sacrifice that Brad endured commands the utmost respect. Brad often lost money that he invested on shows and the store itseld. He endured.

And despite every effort of the Bar and Grill to stay open, with incentives like live, inexpensive music and the Quarter draft affairs, the lack of patronage has been the sole benefactor in its demise. No matter how hard the other local venues may try. That authentic sense of euphoric atmosphere will never be reconstructed. When you're so close to the band that you can almost taste the cheap liquer that is being sweated out of the pour by the band from drinking last night. The ability to drink beers and B.S. with the musicians before and after th eshow without the deterrence of a shield of bouncers and a sturdy 4 ft. tall wooden barricade to separate the masses from contact is brought those experiences to life. Another overlooked aspect was the reputation that the Bar and Grill had such that it filtered out all the hords of cowboys, jocks, and other undesirables that now adorn with common place the venues of the present. All I can do now is remember and keep the saga alive through documentation. And while the Bar and Grill is gone. Raunch is still here if only for a short while longer. and before you go throw away 20 dollars on some major label band that was most likely stolen right out of the hand of some small independent label, head up to Raunch Records new and final store and buy up everything he has to offer. The time is nigh to give a little back to the store which has done so much for this entire area. And furthermore, the other sources of independent venue, music and publications like this SLUG you're reading should be supported in full by the droves of supposed culturally inclined before they too are extinct and before you drop 25 dollars plus just for one ticket to see some corporately sanctioned event at Wolf Mountain or the centers Delta and E find out first hand just how many smaller venue concerts and events you can advocate for far less money.

If any of you readers decide to become the solution as opposed to the problem of all the artistic obstacles that now exist in SLC then use what little resource we have left and make a difference, censorship is closer than you care to admit.

Rob  
1261 E Cottonwood Hills Drive  
Sandy, Utah 84094

R.I.P.  
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Raunch Records?

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Merry Christmas!

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No letters this month... damn it.  
I mean Van Damme it.

### Truth or Consequences N.M. (New Mexico)

This is the best movie of the bunch this month. It opens at Chuck & Fred's cafe on Main St. right here in sunny S.L.C. I eat there all the time. Best pot roast in town. This movie is a great barometer for this column. See this movie. If you like it, then read the column. If you don't like this flick, don't read the column. Simple huh? Then maybe I won't get any more letters from imbeciles like Ben Riggsby (I know who you really are pal)

### Chasing Amy

Well, this movie got lots of wows & oohs & aahhs from critics to video clerks everywhere. Apparently being lesbian is risqué'. It's the new thing, like big pants. As a matter of fact, I know a girl named Amy who... never mind. Let me bring down the hammer. Deep, dark & daring? Not really. I've heard women say words like "pussy" & "fuck" before, so nothing shocking there. If this movie wanted to really be daring, they'd show two women having sex, instead of bad kissing. And as good as this show was, the pathetic ending ruined it. And it was really good up to that point. So, see the movie, but don't expect to be shocked, cuz it's just a real good movie... for an hour and 50 minutes at least.

### MIB / Men In Black

A secret government agency of Alien babysitting men in black suits who run around New York zapping and/or extraditing slimy creatures back to their quarters or planets so they can save the earth??? Conspiracy theories abound. My brother who still thinks we never landed on the moon and bigfoot lives underneath Seattle will love this show. I did too, and it was still more believable than FACE OFF!! (a john woo film) Big thrills, special effects and great monsters. Definitely a keeper.

### Snow White / A Tale of Terror

Sigourney Weaver as the wicked witch and some girl as Snow White, but this is no kids show. It's no adults show either, but there are some cool scenes. Mostly it is scary foresty stuff and the freaky cabinet that holds the infamous mirror. Good for a boring night alternative to Fox's stupidest criminals.

### Lost on the Bohemian Road

This movie is so bad it was irritating to watch. These people can't act, and yet they have a snobby air about them like they think it is artsy. It's not. It is just a shitty movie filled with shitty people. And the writing? I could stick a pen in my dog's ass and she would write a better script than this. But then again, she's quite a dog...

### Night Falls on Manhattan

Andy, Andy, Andy. Andy Garcia goes out on his own (without story or big support actor) to try and further his career, all the while confusing me. Why do you do good flicks like "Things to do in Denver When You're Dead...", and then give us a shit bomb like this? This flick is a rip off of every New York District Attorney corrupt Police Department Internal Affairs Lawyer scum bad movie ever made. Please feel free to stop making them, and I won't have to think of new ways to say they stink. Andy, go find a good script and stop trying to be Al Pacino.

### Trial and Error

Jeff Daniels and Kramer. Jeff was the Dumb in "Dumb and Dumber" (I

think) And Kramer is of course Seinfeld's neighbor. Some call him Michael Richards, but he is Kramer. Always will be. Jeff Daniels is rarely funny and this show makes that painfully obvious. Kramer is funny, but not in this movie. This movie is not funny because Jerry Seinfeld does not live next door, and George never comes over. No Elaine either. So those of you who think Kramer makes the Seinfeld show by himself, go see this little gem.

### Fools Rush In

First Friends sexy guy Joey does his movie. A monkey was thrown in to insure an audience. Then Friends sensible guy Ross does his movie. Gwyneth Paltrow and Barbara Hershey are thrown in to insure an audience. Then, Friends vixen Jennifer Anniston does her movie and she talks about vibrators. This insures an audience, because people think they might see her use one. Now Friends lonely guy Matthew Perry makes his movie and has sex with Salma Hayek (you don't see it) and she gets pregnant. You see, there is nothing here to insure even a limp erection and oh Jesus this movie sucked... whaddya expect. A monkey?

### Face Off

Uhhh wow. what a great movie. John Woo is a genius. this movie is the best one I have ever seen. really.

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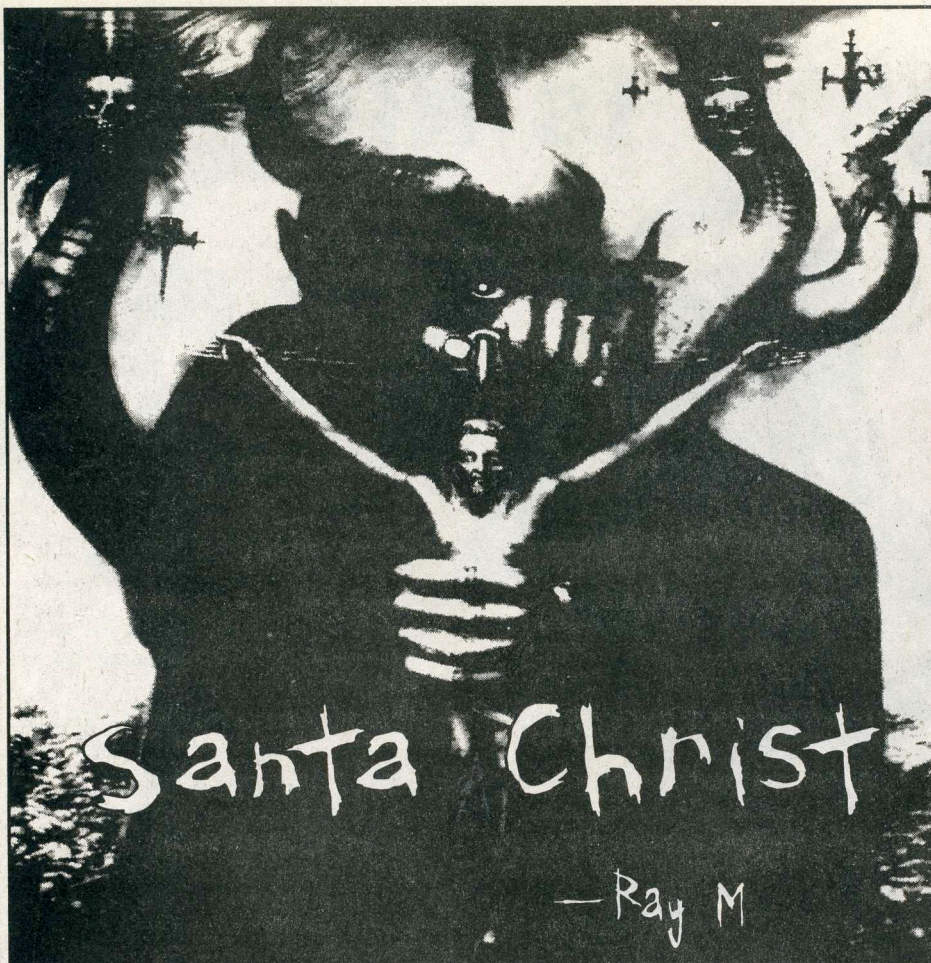


# Naughty is Nice



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Tales have been passed down from generation to generation of the one called Santa Christ. Some think of him as a Saint bearing gifts. Others think of him as an Avenging angel sent to pass judgement and sentence bad boys and girls to an eternity of pain and suffering on the eve of his birth. Known for breaking into homes, leaving flaming lumps of coal, stealing the first born child, and being able to spin hay into gold, Santa Christ is said to be held at bay by the coating of lamb's blood over the door, a roaring fire in the fireplace and the sacrificing of poultry in his name. Another effective, yet impossible, method is to guess his real name without taking it in vain. For if one were to take his name in vain, the consequence would be thrice.

Across the world, different versions of the same man have been passed along like keepsakes. The Mayans use to leave bowls of porridge outside their temples in an attempt to appease him (the American equivalent of milk and cookies).

More primitive cultures have been known to participate in a ritual where the son or daughter of a woman would, against the will of the woman involved, attempt to make their way back through the birth canal into the womb and then back out again, usually resulting in death for the mother depending on the age and size of the child. This form of baptism was believed to cleanse the person of all his or her sins. The death of the mother was just believed to be a necessary casualty in order for others to be saved from Santa Christ.

The Spanish conquistador spirit 'El Santos Christos' struck such fear into the elderly and dying, that in a desperate attempt to ward him off, they discovered that although holy water, silver bullets, and garlic had no effect on him, he seemed to have a great fear of the symbol of the cross. This started a tradition of wearing the cross on a necklace, which is still practiced by the majority of Spanish descendants to this day.

The Swiss seem to be pretty neutral on the issue and offer no opinions on

whether or not Santa Christ is the pied piper of good or evil. However, the older people in the villages have reportedly not taken steps to safeguard their homes on the eve of his birth and still awoke in the morning refreshed and unharmed only to find all their shoes had been cobbled.

Santa Christ's lair is somewhere in the north pole, where he has his minion of enslaved midgets constantly soliciting people by telephone like carpet cleaning salesmen. Trying to infiltrate and influence governments by way of greedy capitalists pedaling his wares. The Santa Christ is said to need excessive amounts of money to feed on in order to exist.

There is a nemesis to this Nightstalker though. A complete polar opposite. A bizzaro Santa Christ if you will. The 'Anti-Santa Christ!' His lair is hidden somewhere in the South Pole where he sits and plots the end of the Santa Christ dynasty. Waiting for a chance to usher in a darker, simpler kingdom for mankind. Where boys and girls are forced to be good and although no one gets rewarded with presents, no one suffers any consequences either.

Win or lose. Fear or want. One thing is for sure. While the battle over our souls continue, year after year people all over the world sit and wait for the return of Santa Christ. But until that day comes, the people continue to sing:

You better be good.  
You better not cry.  
You better not put out.  
I'm telling you why.  
Santa christ is second coming to town.

Oh, he's making a list  
and checking it twice.  
He ultimately knows who's going  
to suffer eternal damnation.  
Santa christ is second coming to town.

He knows who you've been sleeping  
with.  
He knows if your soul aches.  
He knows if you've been born again so  
be good for goodness sakes.  
Santa christ is second coming to town!"

—Ray M.—



1997 brought an interesting mix to music, fashion, and even our very lives. The music got softer and the clothes some of you kidz are wearing about made me beef chunks all over your baggy pants. (FYI, those styles were disgusting in the late 70's and they are just as pig-sty disgusting today!) I for one can tell you I'm excited to kiss off 1997, turn, walk away and leave it behind me. Instead of doing a "Best of" list, I could only think about people I wanted to kill. That's right boyz and girlz of the Utah Valley, and beyond, I said Kill! And so I thought I would compile a list of potential targets. So get out your 9's, your uzi's, your rocket launchers, your wrist rockets, your spit balls, your flame throwers, what ever it is you're pack'in these dayz and come with me kidz...We're going hunting, SLUG Style!

### Public Enemy Number 1.

Marilyn Manson. I know this might upset some of you, but it's true. I hate, hate, HATE this guy and his band. I figure you take him out, you destroy his band so one shell is all it's going to take. The only thing I like about him is the make-up artist that goes to work on his face, that's it. He's 27 years old of pure adolescent behavior, maybe that is why he appeals to all of you. Creative? No! If it wasn't for Trent-baby Mr. Manson would be selling polyester leisure suites in Sears somewhere in the middle of America. Original? No! Anyone over the age of 29 has seen this all before, Zappa, Kiss, Alice Cooper, Iggy, and that rock and roll animal Lou Reed...Need I say more? (If these names don't mean anything to you, you better sign-up for History of Rock&Roll 101.) Talented? No! Unless you call pissing off parents and the moral majority talent. Hell, we do that here at SLUG with out even trying and we'll be the first to tell you it doesn't take any talent to do that. Oh, why couldn't it have been Marilyn Manson to go down in that plane

## DJ Humpy Rat Goes Off on...



instead of John Denver? Oh, oooo, why couldn't it have been Marilyn Manson to hang himself instead of Michael Hutchence? Die Mr. Manson-Satan-on-Earth, DIE!

### Public Enemy Number 2 and so on-

Any band out of England, right now. Oasis, hate'em. Let the brothers fight, let them break-up, let them kill each other, that way we won't have to squeeze the trigger or hear any more really bad, whiny music passing for good music. Blur, Woo-who yourself, take your bad English food, along with your bad English breath and crawl back to the mother land. The Verve, who needs 'em? The Spice Girls, well, they get their own little section, read on. In the last ten or so years, good music from England stopped with two major events. 1) The Smiths breaking up and 2) When Acid House music ceased to exist. Since that time England hasn't produced anything worth shit. What ever happened with our British lads and lasses during the grunge era, huh? What about the second wave of Punk? Where were they when roll call was being taken?

That's right, no-where, nada, zip-ole-La! You get the picture.

England only shows when the music world goes soft. And right now the Pillsberry dough boy is harder than most music collecting dust on your shelves downstairs in your pissy little bedroom.

### Public Enemy Number ???

That's right, the Spice Girls! What is this whole spice thing? I don't get it, I'm missing it and I'm telling ya, I feel good! People with a little bit of foresight are going to realize that this is one group you are going to be embarrassed as hell that you ever listened to, in the not to distant future. I say, Stear Clear!!! I'll tell you who to cheer for on this ride, the marketing people behind the Spice Girls. SIMON FULLER!! Yea, baby. The Spice Girls are props, just window dressing. The man behind the curtain pulling the strings, running the big machinery, now there's someone

to look up to. He is selling these no-talent chicks to America like a rope to a drowning man, and you know what? For the most part everyone's buying!!! Not me brothers and sisters, not me. Call me Cranky Spice, or for the educated, Pessimistic Spice. I like my singers and musicians with real talent, not fake boobs and nice hair mixed with bad dance steps! OK, maybe I could care less about the fake boobs, I just plain like boobs, I don't care if they are real or fake. But the singing, emotion, and talent has got to be real! And that's just not happening over there in Spice-Land! Listen, I want all of you to have a pleasant Holiday Spice-Season and don't forget to control your road rage or else I just might have to use my home-made pipe bombs on ya!

—DJ Humpy Rat-Over & Out!

**Next month...**  
**TEN YEAR**  
**Anniversary**  
**Issue!!**



The live music business suffers a significant drop during December. At least as far as actual entertainment goes. This is the time of year when all the retail music shops roll out their displays of the most pathetic music on the face of the

# Lame

Earth. Actually they began rolling it out before Halloween. Christmas comes earlier and earlier to retailers and some idiots shop for "Christmas" music while the rest of us are still trying to invent the "best costume." December is the month when all the vacant local talents rent out prestigious halls to perform for all the none musician vacant minds. The retailers survive on the income of a one month selling season and some musicians survive the same way. In honor of those local musicians who have contributed to the "commercialization" of Christmas by releasing recordings and scheduling "concerts" of "Christmas" music here's the "SLUG Local Lame Ass Christmas Concert" rundown. I believe it's time to do away with the holiday altogether because it isn't about giving anymore, it's about selling. Who's selling?

If this issue manages to hit the street on schedule take your handy dandy SLUG Magazine to Kingsbury Hall. Bring matches or a disposable lighter too. Jon Schmidt, one of the local "solo piano dudes," has scheduled his Jon Schmidt Christmas Concert for the evening of December 5. He has a highly impressive CD to push. It is as mind-numbing and as boring as his three previous releases. When he begins "playing" all SLUG readers in attendance are encouraged to rise as one body, light the SLUG with matches or a lighter and shout, "rock on Schmidt. Solo piano gets me excited." Yes, the first date to mark in the St#@@n C\*#@#y/Fr&^\$@n "I'm Too Stupid To Remember Where I'm Supposed To Be, The Seven Habits or What I'm Supposed To Do To Be Successful" Planner is December 5. It's "A Jon Schmidt Christmas" at Kingsbury Hall and apparently Schmidt has some Jerry Lee Lewis type of stage behavior to accompany his "playing," which he has said is influenced by Mannheim Steamroller/Chip Davis?C.W. McCall.

Next up is Michael MacLean. He has only managed one Christmas CD so far, but he is still out there promoting it with a series of "concerts." MacLean has rented out Cottonwood High School for four nights. MacLean doesn't deserve the same treatment as Schmidt because he is capable of playing more than "solo" piano. It is expected that

other famous names from the local scene will also appear on the stage. Full details aren't available because MacLean and

# Ass Concert

his people aren't about to send pro-

brains who purchase it will purchase the exact same CD twice. Their brains are so addled by thoughts of the naked human bodies BYU prevented them from viewing that the poor folks don't realize that they've heard the music before. They argue over the back fence. "Don't you tell me Sister Arnold that

# Preview

Kurt Bestor has only released four Christmas CDs. I own seven." Well, here comes Kurt Bestor. Kurt Bestor will perform with a "full piece orchestra." I'm not sure what a "full piece orchestra" is - the "full piece" portion of the description has me thinking about those naked bodies again and "full" must mean "queen



motional material to SLUG Magazine. The "concert" series is expected to be nearly as boring as Schmidt's performance and it lasts four nights. Woodstock only lasted three. Who in their right mind wants to pay money to sit in a high school auditorium with a crowd of snoring "churchies? Ah, so you don't believe they'll be snoring? Have you ever entered a warehouse during a session? The dates are December 10, 11, 12 and 13.

Now for the final "local" Christmas concert. The one, the only, the incredible Kurt Bestor is scheduled to play five nights at Abravanel Hall. Kurt Bestor has the selling part down cold. This man is nothing short of a marketing genius. When sales drop off on previous Christmas releases simply change the CD title, change the cover art and put them out on the market again. The vacant

sized," but that's what the press release said. I say the SLUG readers need to attend one or more of Kurt Bestor's concerts and demonstrate their East Coast moshing abilities in the aisles of Abravanel Hall. The report on Salt Lake City from other parts of the country is this: they'll mosh to anything in Salt Lake City. Go mosh to Kurt Bestor and prove the out-of-staters right.

Just in case it appeared that this month's Lame Ass Concert Previews are all about Christmas, Jesus' birthday and selling I have one more. Satan is making his presence felt early in December. On December 9 Rammstein is playing at the lake. I'll quote directly from the press release. "In the beginning there was terror. Metal and techno in an unashamedly seductive mix, from Germany at that and in a provocative, aesthetically




ambivalent form. Lyricism with a sledge-hammer, with a dash of black Romanticism, sexuality, desire and mania. Muscular, shining male bodies, unfeigned." There's that BYU reference again. Here is a bit more. "What is it about this ensemble from East Berlin and Schwerin? A youth phenomenon? Enjoyment of sadomasochism? A new lust for the obscurantist? The sound of social degeneration? The beat of crisis?" The lord Satan on the most high, the man responsible for the birth of the *Antichrist Superstar* Marilyn Manson and his mentor David Lynch brought Rammstein to the attention of the cloned masses when two songs from the band were included on the *Lost Highway* soundtrack. "They set everything on fire. Even themselves at points in their set. I saw them in Vienna. It was off the hook."

There you have it. The selling of Christmas and Satan all in the same month and all in Salt Lake City. Don't you love this place? KMFD and Sister Machine Gun are booked on the same night and at the same venue as Rammstein. PIG is on

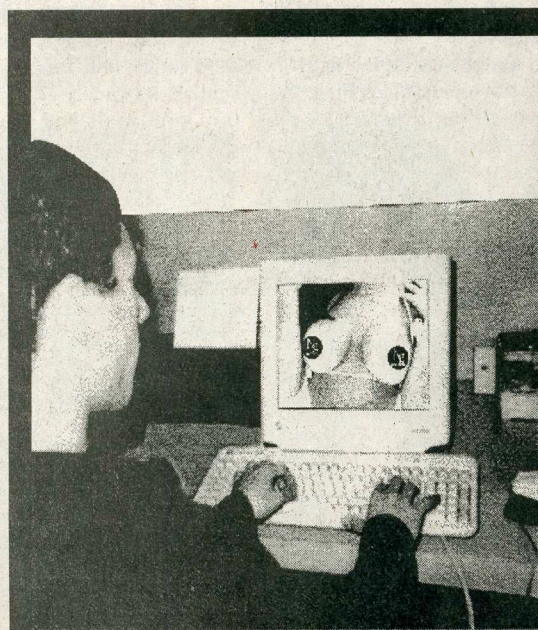
tour with KMFD in other markets and this is their T-shirt slogan; "Find It, Fuck It, Forget It." KMFD has the new album with symbols describing the meaning behind their "cryptic" initials. Ogre is reportedly touring with the band. Based on the presense of En Esch with Ogre Rammstein might not be the only band to set a fire. I believe the last time a fire was set on the stage at Saltair it was the Butthole Surfers who did it and an entire squadron of fire trucks responded. Expect beats, sonic texture and the usual "mosh" pit.

Two other "concerts" of interest are Tooth and Nail recording artists Roadside Monument playing at the Wapsody in Provo on December 10 and Big Ass Truck, an intense funk type outfit with a blazing electric guitar and a turntable artist playing at Liquid Joe's on December 17. December 17 - Big Ass Truck - Liquid Joe's

—Orville "The Dead" LaBaron



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4/18/97

At 5:15 on Friday April 18th, I get a call from Jason Haug, informing me that the Descendents are on in a couple of hours at Club DV8 in downtown Salt Lake City. We arrive to find groups of young punk derelicts lurking around the front of the club, much like we did in the eighties. Smoking cigarettes, begging for spare change and trying to come up with any way possible of scamming their way into the show. Jason and I head to the front entry way and explain to the people at the door that we are freelance journalist's and would like to get some photo's and an interview with the Descendents. The guys at the door immediately deny us saying, "no one goes in without a ticket and the tickets are all sold out." We immediately creep down the side alley to the back of the club. In back is a fire-escape stairway with a few people mingling around. As we make our way up the stairs we run into a guy sitting on the steps outside the back door having a coffee and a cigarette. He looks somewhat familiar, but I hadn't seen the Descendents since the Minneapolis show when the album Liveage was recorded, and any All show I had been to, I was too drunk to remember what the band looked like. As he watches us approach, Jason asks him, "are you in the Descendents?" He replies, "yeah," and introduces himself as Karl Alvarez, the bass player. He has no problems with doing an interview right there on the spot, but he does wonder if we will be able to hear the interview in our recorder. Especially over the loud background noises of the first band, the truck running in the alley, and the bouncers (that had gathered in the alley to watch us) talking. Thus began the most unprepared and spontaneous interview which seemed perfect for a now reformed punk rock band from the eighties.

B. Karl, didn't you grow up in Salt Lake City?

K. Yeah.

J. When did you guys start the band?

K. We didn't start the Descendents. Billy Stevenson started the band in 1978 as a three piece. Milo Aukerman joined later in 1980. Somewhere in there Milo went to college and Bill got into Black Flag. When they both left their respective things they just bettered the Descendents line-up. That's where Stephen Egerton and I came in, we joined the Descendents and toured like crazy. We released two live records and the Descendents All record. Milo went back to school to pursue doctorate degrees.

J. Did he get his doctorate degree?

K. Yeah. He's a Ph.D. in Biochemistry

J. Where did he go to school?

K. University of Wisconsin.

J. Is he from Wisconsin?

K. No. The band started in Los Angeles. Stephen and I knew Billy real well from the endless Black Flag tours and the Descendent tours would follow that. They needed a bass player and guitar player and we were like, Ok we'll do that.

J. Did you play in a band before that?

K. Yeah, Stephen and I played in a local punk rock band called The Massacre Guys. I also sang for a band called The Bad Yodelers.

B. That was here in Salt Lake?

K. Yeah, in 1980 or so.

J. So who sang in the Massacre Guys?

K. Jamie Shuman from (locals) Crapshoot.

J. So you joined the Descendents in '86, who did the Descendents tour with in the '80's?

K. M.I.A. Agent Orange. D.O.A. Firehose were starting out back then. Rollins Band was just getting a good start. We played with a lot of good bands.

B. Did Robo (from Black Flag) ever play drums for the Descendents?

K. He never played drums for the Descendents. Bill looks like Robo a little and they drum a lot alike.

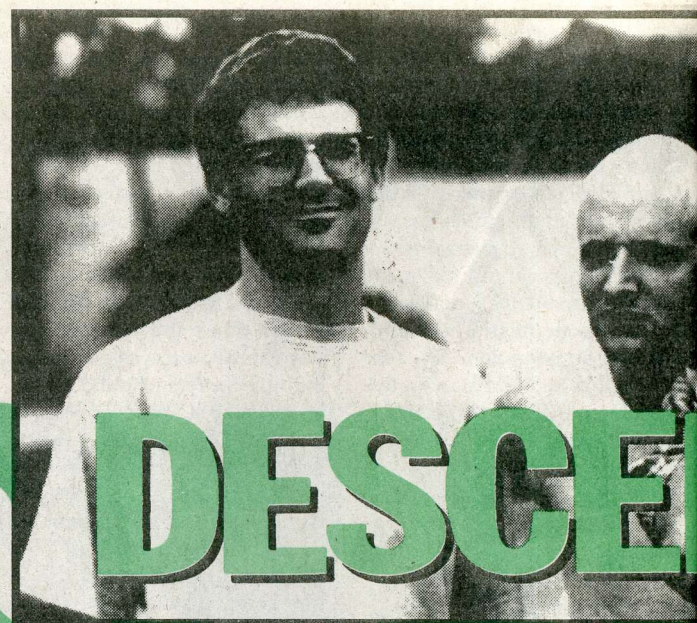
J. What did you do in Salt Lake City besides play in a band?

K. I worked at the Salt Lake City Public Library for awhile and went to school. You know, standard shit.

J. So are you in the band All when they play?

K. Yup.

J. I saw you when you played here last year at the U of U.



K All is literally the same line-up as the Descendents except for the singer, which is really funny. Now we have two bands.

J. So All is still together?

K. Yeah, hell yeah! We have two bands at once.

J. What bands do you currently listen to.

K. The opening band tonight, Shades Apart, is probably our favorite band right now. This band called Zeik, who is going to be on Epitaph, are also totally worshipable.

J. What about back in the day?

K. Well, obviously Black Flag was a big part of our lives; before the Descendents were a band, I learned a lot about playing from that D O A. Like everyone else, you get it from everywhere. And, the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. (chuckles) I've seen them. They used to play at the Symphony Hall when I was a kid.

J. Are you Mormon?

K. No, I'm just a polygamist. (Laughs)

J. Are you married?

K. Yeah. I've been married for four years—so far so good.

J. Do you (the band) ever get sick of each other?

K. Yeah, the standard shit. You always do. It's like a family you know. Right now Stephen and I have been playing together one way or another for about twenty years, and between me, Billy, and Stephen, we have been playing together for eleven years now. So it's very close, a very close stitch. A lot of us are like a distant rela-

tive. It gets becoming after awhile.

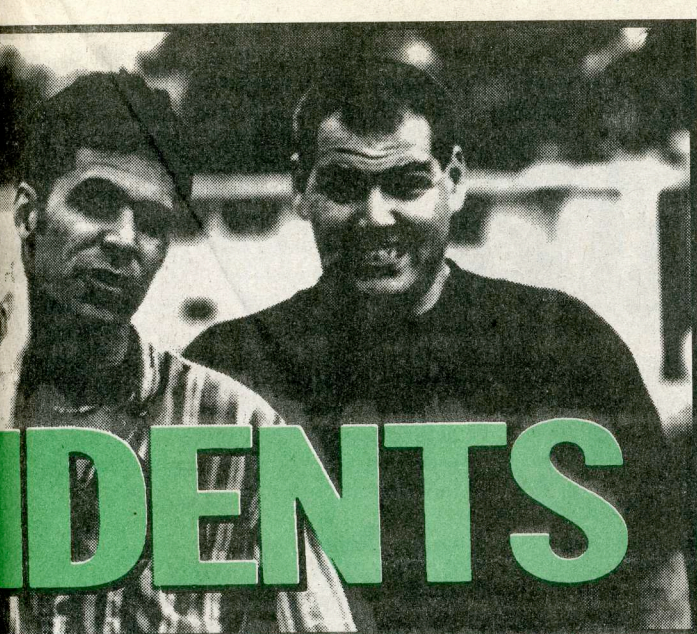
J. You're not a big political band are you, It seemed like back in the 80's a lot of punk bands were singing about government & religion.

K. It is almost as if they thought they were supposed to do that, which is one of the reasons we don't do that. In fact I resent being made to feel as if I am supposed to do anything. Fuck that. So we carved out our own territory of, you know; chick songs, food songs, and this and that. I think it was really cool; it was one of a kind in its day, now I guess it's the standard in the pop punk world. The Ramones did it too. They did it first for sure, at least as far as our generation. We're the generation after the Ramones.

J. Have you ever streaked naked in public?

K. I've been naked in public. Actually in Salt Lake as a matter of fact; we used to have these parties—there was this house, it was known locally as The Hell House and it was populated by a bunch of my low life goon friends, just punks hanging out at parties of whatever. Someone started the tradition this one summer of partying naked. It started with me and one of the guitar players from The Massacre Guys, Paul stripping ourselves nude in the middle of a crowded party just for the freak out effect of having a couple of naked guys standing there; and it got to spread. I remember dis-





# IDENTS

tinctly one party, where the cops showed up came, looked in, and saw a room full of dirty naked people and left without saying a word. I guess people were a little more weird in our circle. In this town, the punk rock community was just mostly really weird people who didn't fit in anywhere else. You know, punk rock wasn't a formal thing or anything, and it wasn't a really big thing either, so you knew everybody and they were all kind of screwy. The chicks were more inclined to get naked, because they were screwed up.

J. What year was that.

K. 83 I think.

J. Were you going to High School at the time?

K. No, I was out of High School, I think I was working at the Library and living at the University, and played music, or attempted to. There wasn't really a good state of venues in those days. What there was, was the Salt Lake City Indian Center and that was where most of the really great shows like the Dead Kennedys; coming through in 72 I believe, I think they kicked it off. T.S.O.L. did a number of shows out here. Black Flag; it seemed like every week they would be playing out here. D.O.A. played out here a lot. A lot of lesser bands? you know. A lot of the Boston bands would make it out. Minor Threat played at a fraternity at the University of Utah.

J. Fraternity?

K. Yeah, like in 82 or 83, some-

where in there—in the basement of a fraternity it was pretty cool. Pretty much, regular venues weren't a thing here. I mean when I was really young, like in High School, really young like fifteen. There was a club and it was on the block where, you know where Wellers Books is on South State street? there was this little club in the basement, The Roxy, and there was a handful of five or six punk rock bands that would actually play at that, this was as early as 1978. They were a lot older than us? so it's their scene at the time. They had bands like The Borgs, that were really good, and a thing called Modern Hygiene. Two of the guys from Modern Hygiene, one went on to be in Prong in New York, Mike Kirkland and Steve McAllister went on to work sound for C.O.C. They were Utah punk rock guys that kind of got out. They were earlier than us, you know we were these fifteen year old guys sneaking into their shows. Which we had to do cause in this state, especially back then. I mean, it was a little looser—as far as people running things—because there was so few people into that music you know. The guy working at the back door of the Roxy was a fan of the music so he would be like, kids, well O.K.

J. Was it twenty one and over?

K. Yeah.

J. Did you know the guy at the door?

K. Yeah, he was one of the scene of people. Brad who owns

Rauch Records in town, is actually—he's probably the nucleus around which all punk rock in this town has always traditionally centered. He had his radio show on KRCL for years and years, it was on very early—I want to say '78' I might be wrong, it might have been earlier. But before he started Rauch in the mid eighties, between his, radio show and his promotions, and stuff, he's done more for this music in this town than anybody. Were they more against punk rock in this town than in other towns?

K. It was actually better here than in L.A., cause in L.A. they would have police helicopters searching the parking lots of gigs, they saw it as an actual threat. In this town they didn't actually know what it was. For the longest time, you would promote shows, like I said, in the Indian Center or in this one garage we called The Grease Pit. The cops literally had no idea what was going on.

B. Did you change your name, or did you used to go by another name?

K. No, my name is the same as it has always been. Stephen used to be Steve'O, Steve'O'Reilly. We went to East High School.

J. What's the worst thing about touring?

K. When your vehicle breaks down, it happens a lot, or if you're sick on tour. Like when you get the flu or something like that.

J. Have you ever missed a show cause someone was sick?

K. NO, never.

J. Have you guys ever been kicked off the stage?

K. Nah, we had cops come up on the stage one time at UCLA campus, but the kids shouted them down; and basically the police were thinking, [well if we stop the concert now these kids are going to go nuts and tear the place up, or we can let them finish the three songs left in their set. They decided to let us finish. So, we've never been thrown off.

B. Lately, have you recorded anything live?

K. We did like seven nights at the Whiskey in a row before we started this tour and we recorded all of those, so there will be a live video and recording. There will be a release of that at the end of the year.

B. Where was the album Liveage recorded?

K. Minneapolis, First Avenue.

B. Was that the last show before you guys broke up?

K. No, the last show of the Descendents was in someone's backyard on a Sunday afternoon in the Valley. We didn't do any of our own songs. We played the Germs, we played some Agent Orange and we just kind of basically quit. You know and Milo quit, and then we started practicing as All the next day. Dave Smalley flew out so we were like, 'hey Dave' you're in a new band"

B. He came from Dag Nasty?

K. Yeah but he had been living in Israel for two years at the time.

E. Did you meet Jello Biafra?

K. Yeah, he's a good guy. He is certainly very intelligent and often quite funny. You know that from his records. He's like he is on the records. That's the other thing about punk rock, none of us are pretending to be anything other than what we are. He's just saying, I have a point and this is who I am. That's the whole thing.

J. The Dead Kennedys used to have people against them, like the Nazis' and people like that. Did you guys have any enemies like that?

K. Fuck no. Fuck no. I'm not saying we were bruisers or anything, but in our band we've got enough muscle and solidarity we've never had any problems. The Nazis' were losers, that's the whole thing, they're losers, they lost the war. Democracy won, live with it.

J. The KKK is still prominent, even today.

K. Of course, it's everywhere. I figure that shit is only going to end when everyone has a blood relative of a skin color that is not white. That's the only time that shit is going to end. The human race is fucking stupid. I have to hate myself you know! You know, a Spanish-Jewish guy. Which means you have Moorish blood which is African, which is black. So I'm a Black-Jewish-Spaniard, with German, so I've got to hate myself. (Someone sticks their head out of the club door and says something to Karl)

K. I have to go in now

J. Thanks a lot.

K. I hope it works for you man.



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*"It's nice if you're fourteen years old. I prefer to listen to Dylan."*

*—George Harrison on Oasis, U2 and the Spice Girls.*

*"There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in proportion."*

*—Francis Bacon, Essays: Of Beauty*

*"The new man will find himself only when the warfare between the collectivity and the individual ceases. Then we shall see the human type in its fullness and splendor."*

*—Henry Miller, Time of the Assassins*

## LLAMA TAKE YOU HIGHER

COLD AND BOUNCY is the name of the next High Llamas release, due out late January '98. Sean Hagan's (Stereolab) Llamas' much acclaimed music is known for its crisp production and PET SOUNDS-level arrangements. Currently, the group is touring with a three-piece string section. This new album relies more on electronic production than live instrumentation, but I expect no let down. The High Llamas albums are available on V2 Music (14 E 4th St., 3d Fl., NY NY, 10012). V2 is currently in the process of re-releasing the 'long lost' High Llamas album SANTA BARBARA. Formerly only an import, this is the bridge between the "opera cuts" of GIDEON GAYE and the stunning 2-CD collection HAWAII...

## THE FINE UNSIGNED

"Unsigned artists and bands of all music genres" have the opportunity for

recognition in Musician Magazine's Best Unsigned Band Competition. Demos accepted into the competition are reviewed by a panel of music journalists and recording artists that this year includes Keb' Mo', Ani DiFranco, Moby, Art Alexakis (Everclear), Joe Perry (Aerosmith) and guitarist Eric Johnson. Twelve semifinalists received Musician coverage and inclusion on a compilation CD. The ultimate grand prize is a \$10,000+ recording and gear package. Info is available from Musician Magazine/B.U.B., 1515 Broadway, 11th Fl., NY NY, 10036...

## COVERED BY DICKIES

The "now totally clean" Dickies are finishing production on HARES OF THE DOGS THAT BIT US. This work is completely cover songs. Expect them to Dickie-fy Donovan, the Beatles, the WeirDOS, Iron Butterfly and Uriah Heep. Producing is John X (Rolling Stones, U2). This release celebrates the bands twenty years of existence and survival, due largely to a healthy sense of humor...

## REVIEWS

**Element 79  
DIG OUT**  
360 Twist! Records, POB 9367, Denver CO, 80209

Element 79 chooses for their name an alias for gold. They may never strike it rich with a gold album, but anyone into classic garage-psych rock will know they uncovered a nugget here. And, if you have lost faith in guitar-based music, rejuvenate yourself here. Current music has fallen in love with a dense production that shoves everything into a cluttered mid-range. This delightfully primitive trio has the bass snapping away in the basement with the drums and the guitar and voice filling the treble. All the notes are necessary and framed in a smashing delivery. I vote Element 79 five Krugerands.

**Unsteady  
DOUBLE OR NOTHING**  
Asian Man Records

The bedrock is ska, the melodies are jazz and the color is Las Vegas Strip. I, for

some reasons, have had two music heads grossly simplify ska in the last two days by telling me "it is all in the guitar." How wrong they are! We are very accustomed to guitar lead music. Ska, like its subtropical cousin reggae, is usually effected with the aid of a guitar but the lead is taken over by another instrument. In the case of reggae bass, in ska the horn(s). Unsteady gives us long, eloquent, fluid and

fluent lines from, usually, trumpet, Flugelhorn or sax. Helping out is a cavalcade of brass as varied and interesting as the characters you meet on a Saturday stroll down the neon strip.

## Dexter Gordon

### DADDY PLAYS THE HORN

**Bethlehem Jazz/Bethlehem Music Co.**

American saxophone master Dexter Gordon came to us from the tutelage of Lionel Hampton. Gordon gives us an intriguing dialect of smooth bop that will guarantee his name will not soon be forgotten. He stretches out cohesive, long lines of melody buttressed by pianist Kenny Drew. The in-depth lyrical explorations vary from over four minutes to over nine minutes on the six-track foray. It is amazing to think this 1955 (predating by at least five years his well-known Blue Note recordings) recording came between two drug-related prison sentences (52-4 and 56-60). A truly beautiful exposition at the eye of the storm.

**Sun-Ra & His Myth-Science Arkestra  
Angels And Demons At Play/ The Nubians  
Of Plutonia  
Evidence**

Sun-Ra's creations veer sharply from jazz to big bang to space flight. It's worth the trip. A funky astral experience. Hearing this two-for-one CD reissue it is no wonder that Sun-Ra's free jazz left a mark indelible as Miles Davis' on the face of music. Both albums were among the hundred or so self-produced albums originally released on Sun-Ra's El Saturn Research label. Recordings were made for these two albums in the late 50s and released sometime in the 60s. Allegedly the information on personnel, recording sessions, etc. here is corrected from errors that appeared on the 1974 Impulse reissues. Sun-Ra's greatest strength evidenced on these two albums is sudden, unexpected koan leaps of musical style and delivery that are transporting, not challenging. All bolstered by engaging percussion and lyrical horn solos. A handsome booklet touches on Sun-Ra's career and the history of these recordings.



**B.E.F.**  
**Music For Listening To**  
**Caroline**

Caroline is reissuing early 80s dance music. Among the results for me is that I found out Human League is not as good as I remember. Culture Club is a bit better than I remember, but not good enough. There have also been some discoveries. For instance, B.E.F. B.E.F. is the duo of Ian Craig Marsh and Maryn Ware also known as two-thirds of Heaven 17. These two managed to get out of Human League just before they grabbed some fame. The Human League connection is readily apparent in the melody line of the opening track, "Groove Thang." The song went on to greater fame as Heaven 17's "(We Don't Need this) Fascist Groove Thang." After, that B.E.F. launches into surprisingly contemporary sounding electronic compositions. This interesting collection of moody synth pieces and funky electro-rock includes the four non-duplicate tracks off B.E.F.'s previously unavailable 1980 cassette release MUSIC FOR STOWAWAYS.

**Leila Josefowicz**  
**Violin For Anne Rice**  
**Phillips**

Josefowicz' performance of Camille Saint-Saenz and a treatment of Sting's "Moon Over Bourbon Street" and more seem hardly worth calling her a "virtuoso." However, starting with Carmen Fantasy arranged by

Pablo De Sarasate and moving on into Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto in D (The performance of which inspired authoress' Anne Rice toward her recent work Violin) we see that Josefowicz is of peerless technical proficiency. Besides being simply amazing for a woman of her tender age, it is a harbinger of a stellar career to come. However, Leila has no passion, soul or personality in her execution. This will come. She does have youth and good looks and this will serve to market her as she matures. Listening to the disc and reading Violin I can see it is these physical attributes combined with raw (and I mean raw) talent that Anne Rice admires so much. She in her maturity, lacks it. Rice tackles with these shortcomings and imperfections in her novel. When Leila begins her personal struggles, we will see significant development in the nineteen-year old artist.

**The Saints**  
**(I'M) STRANDED**  
**Amsterdamm/Triple X Records**  
**The Saints**  
**ETERNALLY YOURS**  
**Amsterdamm/Triple X Records**

Titled after a true punk anthem, this re-release of (I'M) STRANDED (and the horn-dressed ETERNALLY YOURS on the same label) contains such hardhitting punk 'hits' as "Messin' With The Kid" and "Demolition Girl." This is definitive '77 punk

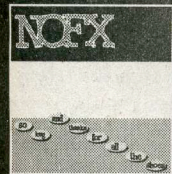
material that actually came out in '77. Original frontman Chris Bailey contributes liner notes to the reissue package. These snotty kids from Australia are the connection between Pretty Things and Rocket From The Crypt. Bonus tracks on (I'M) STRANDED find The Saints mutilating "Lipstick On Your Collar" and "River Deep Mountain High." It is interesting to note the difference in the much smoother, more crafted style of ETERNALLY YOURS. It nearly could be the work of another band. In no way representative of The Saints "selling out," I like to think of this as two, separate musical visions each uniquely alive and individually conceived.

**Hoven Drogen**  
**Groove**  
**Northside**

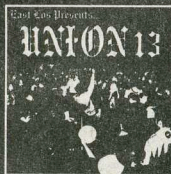
Hoven Drogen can be roughly translated from the Swedish as "Helter Skelter." On their "Kottploska" ("Meat Polska") I half expect them to launch in the song of the same name. Hoven definitely possesses unadulterated furor in an uncompromising mix of Scandinavian folk melodies, attacks by whole squadrons of horns and the occasional breather of a blues or a ballad. Look into the growling face of progressive folk music from the Land of the Midnight Sun.



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**Dwarves** Are Young And Good Looking



**Pennywise** Full Circle



**Millencolin** For Monkeys



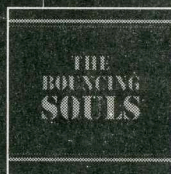
**The Cramps** Big Beat From Badsville



**Voodoo Glow Skulls** Baile De Los Locos



**H2O** Thicker Than Water



**The Bouncing Souls** Self Titled



**The Joykiller** Three



**Pulley** 60 Cycle Hum



**Down by Law** Last Of The Sharpshooters



**Fred McDowell**  
**The First Recordings**  
**Rounder**

"Mississippi" Fred McDowell deserves new attention since his protegee Bonnie Raitt has come into her own in recent years as well. His emotion and ability to connect with the listener through these nearly forty-year old Alan Lomax recordings are supernatural. This is the real, rural nitty-gritty from a legendary singer-songwriter who didn't pick up a guitar until he was thirty-six. (There is hope for this twenty-seven year old who rarely picks up his guitar!) The passionate, skilled artist is brought back to life (he passed away in 1972) through biographical liner notes and lyrics. Songs include "Going Down The River," "61 Highway," "Shake 'Em On Down" and "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl." Ten of the tracks are newly issued and include appearances by Sidney Carter, Rose Hemphill, Anne Mae McDowell and James Shorty. An important and moving document of country blues.

**Tweezer**  
**How To Live In A Day Of Moral Chaos**  
**Shoestring**

Tweezer's suggestion to survive in a "day of moral chaos" involved incorporating some of that pandemonium into yourself. At least they throw a good deal of bedlam into their music. Tweezer is never more than a few bars away from 'rocking out,' but its not

a place they call home. The underlying current is one of a good-natured joke and that is a big part of why they succeed so well. Press in the southeast has long noted the band for their seven-inches and catastrophic stage show. Decadent noise rock that knows what it can get away with.

**Pig**  
**Wrecked**  
**Wax Trax Records**  
**Kmfmdm**  
**(Icon Album)**  
**Wax Trax Records**

These both are good industrial albums. It is interesting to compare them to see what basic elements brought together make a decent recording in this genre. It is very simple, actually, just deconstructed heavy metal guitar and a disco-core beat are all it takes, along with sneered and tortured vocals. Coming out of the gate, KMFDM is a pedigree courser. Their album is consistent, full of solid arrangements and punctuated by lyrics in German, probably the best language for this type of music. On the first few tracks, though, Pig is ripping horseflesh from KMFDM's bloody flank with its warthog tusks. They just sound like they mean that much more. (Can you hear this? I have them cued up and playing simultaneously). The old battlehorse comes through in the end, because of its even gait. Pig descends into quaint moralizing ("two blacks don't make a

white") which, while touching on valid and important points, is out of place in what should be a soundtrack a rutting club scene or bring-your-own-bondage-toys party. Toward the end of their disc, Pig just loses their intent and sound like they are pontificating over music that has lost its muscle. It's also funny to think that both bands probably see themselves as ruthlessly outside of the mainstream, but the eleven-year old KMFDM came through with a better, more solid album largely because of their cool, collected confidence within the 'tradition' they themselves helped create. They also have more friends. Even Pig's Raymonf Watts helps along with colleagues Ogre (Skinny Puppy), William Rieflin (Ministry, RevCo) and more. In fact, Watts is probably the apple in the mouth of Pig. He has on his resume Foetus, Psychic TV and Einsterzende Neubaten. He even produced the KMFDM debut WHAT DO YOU KNOW DEUTSCHLAND? So, Pig is no upstart. Watts has used the name to release albums since the 80s. KMFDM just shows a more coherent vision.

**Iggy Pop & James Williamson**  
**Kill City /**  
**Iggy & The Stooges**  
**California Bleeding**  
**Bomp!**

James Williamson's guitar playing through this production and these compositions reminds me very much of the

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guitar work of Dick Wagner and Steve "Deacon" Hunter after filtering through Lou Reed and Alice Cooper. The total sound of this first post-Stooges Iggy album is very complete in arrangement, thanks to the tight rhythm section of the Sales brothers and John Hardin on saxophone. This is not an Iggy Pop pop-rock album, however, all the playing is economical. Through it all, Iggy remains very Iggy in the midst of one of his life's most chaotic periods. Indeed, like Cooper's FROM THE INSIDE period, Pop spent a good heap of time getting straight at UCLA's Neuropsychiatric Institute. Excellent liner notes by Tim Stegall (Alternative Press) and Greg Shaw but the album's pandemonious birth in perspective. Many, including Iggy, lambasted the album initially. I have to agree with the 90s Pop and say this is one of the strongest albums he has put out. I give KILL CITY four and a half "Consolation Prizes."

Before KILL CITY and post recording in England for RAW POWER was a string of gigs in LA at the Whisky a-go-go and San Fran'. Most of these tracks are previously unreleased in any form. The bootleg sound quality leaves much to be desired but, hey, this is The Stooges. The last two tracks from the first of nights at the Whisky, including the first-ever performance of "She Creatures of Hollywood Hills," has the best differentiation between the instruments. This is an excellent look at the rock machine The Stooges has become closer to their dissolution than even RAW POWER exhibits. The Stooges were a big block street chariot too out-of-control on the self-destruction highway to stay in one piece. Featured are "Search & Destroy," "Open Up & Bleed," "Johanna" a blistering "Wet My Bed" and "Heavy Liquid/New Orleans." Among the tracks Iggy himself lets us into his desperate mindset of the time through, I believe, period interviews. Several pictures from the Whisky and Rodney's English Disco show us the bloody and near naked rock 'n' roll animal Iggy was. Also in this package of live recordings from three different appearances are telling liner notes from Frank Meyer (Streetwalkin' Cheetah) and Denim Delinquent fanzine editor of the time Jim Parrett. A rock and roll immolation.

#### Frigg-A-Go-Go The Penetrating Sounds Of... 360 Twist!

Vindictive in the wake of failed relationships, the Friggsters vent in an organ-fueled frenzy. True to the 60s garage-rock and meanly intent exploring the subtle difference between "bad" and "evil." The use of organ, two guitars on these sort of recordings often result in crowded bass lines and conflicting melody lines. Frigg A-Go-Go deserve much respect for their effective and utilitarian arrangements and effective production.

#### Judi Bari Who Bombed Judi Bari? Alternative Tentacles

Being one resistant to radical change, I never gave much thought to the Earth Firsters and the thought of them spiking trees and laying down in front of trucks. However, even without trying I can not help but to have read of the government sponsored terrorism called COINTELPRO and noted the association of CONINTELPRO FBI man Richard Held with the Bari bombing case. Shades of a conspiracy, to say the very least. This collection of "spoken word" (recorded speech, really) and music marks Ms. Bari as a highly eloquent and spirited individual who has a more realistic and farseeing grasp of the environmentalist movement than most of its supporters and detractors. It makes an instructive chapter in a continuing CONINTELPRO legacy of government attacks on AIM, the Black Panthers, etc. The encyclopedic liner notes even include a glossary. To paraphrase a famous quote, in the fight between you and the U.S. government, put your money on the government. I must admire those that fight skillfully and intelligently against entrenched and more mighty evil.

#### My Dad Is Dead Everyone Wants The Honey But Not The Sting Emperor Jones

MDID proves their title through bypassing tuneful, clear melodies but provided full-force lyrics to remind us of the pain we felt and caused. Provocateur Mark Edwards vows, "I'm tired of singing songs about break ups, I promise this is my last one." Well, I can't imagine MDID any other way. Check it out,

*"Fate turned from friend to a cruel master today a discipline dealer and loan shark to collect his pay fate her tongue in my direction as she skipped away I got caught loitering too long on a sunny day."*

This is from "Lesson #1" and I could have chosen nearly any one of the eleven tracks. This CD comes in an impressive tri-fold digipack and contains the latest works of the one of the most impressive underground lyricists. I recently saw MDID play live in Philadelphia. The instrumental opener was the best song of the set. The rest, good rock with great lyrics. I think it is too taxing on the front man Mark Edwards to sing and play guitar simultaneously. He is not the most expressive vocalist, as it is, and this seems to erode his confidence. We are left with the unfortunate situation of a better than average lyricist in an average rock band.

#### The Residents Present The Third Reich 'n Roll East Side Digital The Residents Fingerprince East Side Digital

Celebrating twenty-five years of the bizarre and the cutting, ESD is re-releasing seven classic Residents titles. All contain new package graphics and a resurrection in 20-bit remastering. Besides the two mentioned there is MEET THE RESIDENTS, NOT AVAILABLE, DUCK STAB, ESKIMO and THE COMMERCIAL ALBUM. The version here of FINGERPRINCE contains the album of that title and BABYFINGER on one CD. This is not just to take advantage of the greater room afforded in CD technology but to join an entire Residents composition formerly put asunder by the limits of LPs. The song "Tourniquet of Roses" was to be the title track of a three-sided LP release that was cut back to a single slab. BABYFINGERS was a way to get the material cut out a form of life. A clever stitching of Art of Noise-like electronica with Americana sounds (banjo-ish guitar on "You yesyesyes" and vintage piano sounds, etc.) make for a juxtaposition of musical jubilation with mummifying technology. Man may see himself king of this land, but he is really just a pauperish finger on the greater body of progress.

On THIRD REICH 'N ROLL The Residents do not battle the fascism of pop music but seem to attempt exorcism of its damning spirit. I enjoy everything from noise-rock to gamelan odysseys but must smile at the recognition of a tired oldie and incorporate its easy beat into my day. The Residents meet the same friendly tyranny of pop and stab it with their steely knives, but they just can't kill the beast.

#### The Brian Jonestown Massacre Give It Back! P & G Tangible Records/Bomp!

BJM's sixth album is a definite return to the drone and roll formula that makes METHADRONE my favorite album of theirs. Their 60s psychedelic pop combines classic Eastern stylings (sitar sounds on "Super-Sonic") and Love-like sensibility ("This Is Why You Love Me," for instance). Exquisite and beauteous, I give this BJM release five paisley falafels.

#### Vasen / Spirit / Northside Vasen / Whirled / Northside

Lively percussion and hyper-folk instrumentation characterize this intriguing quartet. The melodies on WHIRLED are stretched and explored by the fascinating interplay of viola, 12-string guitar and nyckelharpa, which is a chromatically keyed Swedish fiddle. Appearances also made by fiddle, Swedish bouzouki, cello and more. As with seemingly all of the Northside releases



the common theme is energetic delivery, clever arrangement, a sense of humor and a singular ability to contemporize folk instrumentation and themes. The earlier SPIRIT is given to greater flight because of the absence of the absence of percussion. Since this release, percussionist Andre Ferrari joined and appears on WHIRLED. SPIRIT is a compilation covering six years of Vasen's development and exhibits a more traditional fiddle-led sound. Together these two recordings merit seven bows rosined of the antlers of rutting reindeer.

#### Suicidal Tendencies Prime Cuts / Epic

ST's two most recognizable anthems "Institutionalized" and "I Saw Your Mommy" are combined here with Suicidal's later development into the nations best metal-punk-funk band. Compiled is material from 1984-1997 off five albums for this fifteen-track slab. "Join The New Army" and "Go Skate (Possessed To Skate '97)" are re-recorded and arranged from their original 1987 versions. Two new songs appear here. "Feeding The Addiction" is a funk metal assault on the crack beast. The newly created closer, "How Will I Laugh Tomorrow" ties in the line "when I can't even smile today" to show that after all these years, ST is still suicidal for life. The only oversight I see hear is leaving out "Trip To The Brain," probably their best song of the last ten years.

#### The Dinner Is Ruined (Elevator Music) For Non-Claustrophobic People Sonic Unyon

This "slab" starts with a safe-sounding Residents-like opening. Mere musical manipulation is not what we are in for, though. TDIR serves up a heaping plate of sound experimentation, where normal and dangerous sounds are captured live in their normal environments and ensconced in an aluminum zoo for our entertainment. The results are stunning, bracing and altogether splendid. (ELEVATOR MUSIC) invites to a floor raggedly bounded with scraps of music, a few bars and the detritus of a society that never shuts up. Check on in.

#### The Maytals Never Grow Old Heartbeat

The Heartbeat CD reissue of NEVER GROW OLD preserves the original LP artwork and gives a glimpse to the origins of ska music. The genre known then as the "new style, a new Spiritual 'SKA BEAT'" announces the original liner notes. Ska patriarchs the "Ska Talites" back The Maytalls, but this is till primarily a vocal album. Only in the rare pocket does a saxophone make a plain appearance. In fact, it would not be far from the truth to call this a gospel-ska album. Like many blues and jazz vocalists, main Maytal Frederick "Toots" Hibbert found that

revival sound worked great imitated and quoted on crowds. Four bonus tracks are added to the album's original twelve. Though recorded mono in 1962 and 1963, The Maytals still can warm a room through two speakers.

#### READING MATERIAL

#### William S. Burroughs Ali's Smile - Naked Scientology Expanded Media Editons/AK Press

This is a compact German-English edition of Burroughs reprints on Scientology. Included, as a sort of end cap, is a short story (Ali's Smile) that contains a Scientologist. It seems that Burroughs developed an interest in Scientology, particularly in that potential polygraph and more, the E-Meter. Big Bill repaired to St. Hill to undertake the course. Somewhere along the line Burroughs and Scientology fell out of love for each other and Burroughs left the paranoid organization under "Condition of Treason." In the magazines a volley goes back and forth between William and Hubbard's disciples. Burroughs' deceptive mind tries to sort the good from the bad in the organization and circles the wagons. Mostly Burroughs part of the exchange is examined as published in the Los Angeles Free Press, The East Village Other, Rolling Stone and correspondence 1970-1972. Ali's Smile makes for an accurate portrayal of tangling with an

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ornery dragon that may have hold a bit of worthwhile treasure in its lair. Is the effort worth it?

#### RALPH

Ralph Alfonso, Box 505, 1288 Broughton St., Vancouver, BC, V6G 2B5, Canada  
ralpha6982@aol.com

Ralph takes time away from his busy schedule to share book, zine and music reviews and some of his poetry. Alfonso is a hardworking, and apparently talented, freelance graphics artist. I say "apparently" because I have not seen his CD covers, though everyone from The Paperboys to Loverboy has seen fit to hire him.

#### U Write

Karen Braun, POB 7697, Torrance, CA, 90504

Mostly free pen pal adds, with some pictures thrown in. Just send your name, address, music faves and other data and, since you're not incarcerated (citing "city protection laws") Karen runs it. If you want a pen pal to talk music with, you'll find one or three in here. Concert photos in this issue are all reggae acts.

#### ARA News

Anti-Racist Action, POB 82097, Columbus, OH, 43202  
ara@coil.com

This newsletter is one print arm of an organization that keeps close tabs on the neo-nazi movement today and through history. I met one of the Detroit organizers in a bar. I thought I knew some names because I happened to have attended High School with some of the local Hitlerist figures. He knew not

only them, but names I had forgotten, what they were doing now and where they got their money. This issues recounts the Oklahoma City bombing and puts it into the context of an uninterrupted series of racist and reactionary violence through event synopses from Oct. '96 to Apr. '97. Newspaper clippings on similar stories from around the world fill the bulk of the mag, along with an article about David Duke speaking at a Lithuanian hall in Cleveland. Plenty of contact info, too, so you can reach the ARA chapter nearest you.

#### Zine & Comic Catalog

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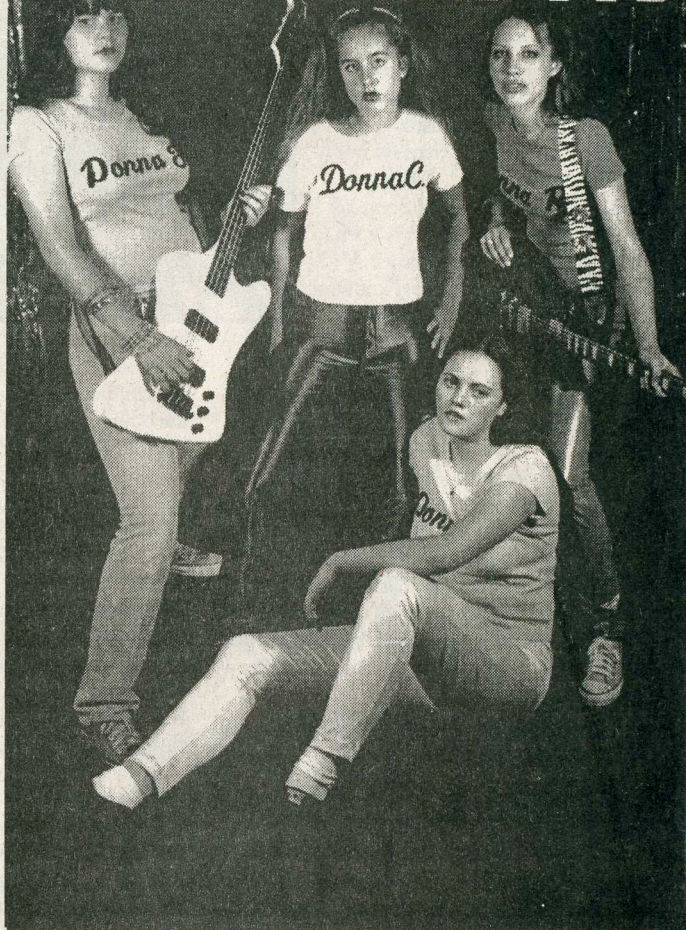
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The entire Latin pop world is tracked in this glossy publication. Some articles are in English, some in Spanish. This issue covers recent festivals, Virgin marketing of Latin music and some contemporary groups.



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**SLUG:** Are you or are you not the anti-Christ of music, trying to usher in the kingdom of the Devil, known better by his other names: Old Scratch, Prince of Darkness, John Tesh, Yanni?

**KB:** You caught me. I've been found out.

**SLUG:** So that's a yes then?

**KB:** Yeah sure. If it sells albums.

**SLUG:** You told me that you read SLUG every now and then to see what's going on in the other world of music, but it bothers you because you're always getting slammed and compared to the likes of the very evil John Tesh. Is this comparison unfair?

**KB:** I think it's probably narrow minded. Kinda short sighted. I'd be surprised if allot of people who compare me to some of those folks even listen to music. I say that because knowing what I know about music and knowing what it takes to write some of the music that I write. I know it's got a little something deeper in there than say Tesh does. Cause I slam Tesh too. And I do so because I feel like there is a lack of sincerity. I'm a fan of any kind of music that is sincere. I have a problem with people who are out there writing music trying to follow the next guy, that are saying, "What can we do to make money. Who's big right now? We'll sound like Phish. We'll sound like this person or that person." They end up just chasing and it ends up being an insincere effort.

**SLUG:** So when you're writing music, what is it that you're going after, if you're not going after a certain style?

**KB:** If I were going after \$bucks\$ I would be writing a different style of music that's for sure. I'm in a genre that's not a big money making thing. At X-mas time people will say, "Now wait a minute. You've got six shows and twenty-dollar tickets. You must be making money." We do O.K., but my genre of music is really more about what turns me on. What I'm all about is, I feel there is an appropriate style of music that needs to address certain emotions. Some radio friendly type stuff for me is more like ear candy. Which is ironic, cause I think that some of your readers would listen to my music and say well, "If that's ear candy, then Bestor's music is 'ear divinity' or 'cotton candy'." But what I'm trying to do is capture certain feelings and emotions that I don't feel you could get by turning on your typical top 40 stations and your readers would probably agree with me. AC stuff, top 40, even the stuff on the BREEZE. I have a hard time listening to that stuff.

**SLUG:** Don't you get airtime on the BREEZE?

**KB:** Not much. I just did an interview with them today, but I don't get allot of play on there because my music, at least some of the later albums like 'Sketches', and 'Innovators', draw to much attention to themselves. They don't just float along behind your business typing. It's not



air pudding. My music has counterpoint. It has some influences from other countries. It has classical influences. In fact a guy came up to me just the other day and said "I really like your album, but that one song, I can't play it in my doctors office. Cause everytime the song comes on people pay to much attention to it."

**SLUG:** You're very aware of some of the stereo types that are placed on you. Are any of them justified and do you think that maybe because of these stereo types you're pigeonholed into playing on one side of the fence, where some people won't even give you a chance, sort of like Gary Coleman as Arnold Drummin'?

**KB:** Sure. I think I am stereotyped. I think I earned that stereotype to some degree. It just depends on where you're coming from. I know that there are certain people in the academic world that look at my music and say "Hey, you're making money with your music. You're a prostitute." O.K. I guess I am. Based on their rules I'm guilty. Other people might say, "You know, your music is just so sweet and there's no dissonance" or "There's no edge to it." And so I'm guilty by their rules. But the rules that I live by I feel comfortable with. I know it's impossible to please everybody. So I start by pleasing myself. And I don't think John Tesh is going to read SLUG anytime soon, but I would say that John Tesh probably starts by pleasing other people first. At least that's my impression when I listen to his music and when I watch his concerts on TV. I get the sense that someone like that is more concerned about pleasing other people. My first X-mas album, I went to a record company I was with at the time, and said, "I want to do a Christmas album." This was when no one had really done a x-mas album. So it wasn't known if that was successful or not. They said, "That's a dumb idea. It's a bad time of year. You'll sell stuff in only a 2 or 3 week window of opportunity

**SLUG:** That repeats itself every year.

**KB:** Well you're thinking like me.

They were thinking "We only have that small of a window of opportunity, why don't you do something that can sell all year long?" But I thought it was a great idea and once again I went with my own feelings. I thought "I like Christmas. I like the way it makes me feel. That's where people seem to forget all their stereotypes and we all like the same sort of Christmas stuff." And I wanted to capture that in music. That's an example of going against what common sense everyone was telling me. I just went with my gut-stink. I have not let allot of grass grow under my feet. Sam Cardin and I did an album together called 'Innovators'. That is an album that doesn't follow any kind of rules.

**SLUG:** Tell the truth now. Isn't Sam Cardin just a bastard to work with?

You can tell the truth because nobody

reads SLUG. Especially Sam Cardin.

**KB:** I know Sam reads it. Sam Cardin is probably the only person that I've been able to work with like that. We have worked together since '82. He's great.

**SLUG:** Isn't he kind of like the ball hog in the big game though?

**KB:** I wish I could give you some dirt, but. No he would probably think I was the ball hog to be real honest. I've always been more of a showman in our partnership. And I've always been the one who has probably promoted myself. When you're in a team, sometimes that's a little tough. So I would imagine he would be more irritated with me than I would be with him. And right now, I'm probably known a little more in general public than he is. Although, he's known in the industry. So whenever we would go out, people would want autographs from me and not from him. That's a little irritating I think. But he doesn't care about that kind of stuff.

**SLUG:** Your music seems really moody to me. Not in an angst sort of way whatsoever, but more like accents to something like a film. Setting a mood to something else that is happening. Do you see it like that or are your songs meant to stand-alone?

**KB:** Well I like to believe the songs stand on their own, but the reason you feel that way is because the way I think about my songs is just that way. I write music for films for a living, so I tend to think things that way. I have a hard time just sitting down and writing notes, or writing sounds, unless those sounds represent something. So even if I don't have a visual image in mind, I have to create one. On all my albums is what you call programmatic music. It's not absolute music, which is music that doesn't try to say pictures. It's programmatic, which is music that's supposed to paint pictures. Whether they're pictures that I want you to see or not. And that's not an accident. I choose to live in



that world because I have a hard time writing note after note after note. And I'm drawn to other kinds of music like that. I like classical. I'm drawn to singer songwriters. Shawn Colvin, Mark Cohn, type. because they paint pictures with their words. I like the Dave Mathews Band, Phish, the Red Hot Chili Peppers, I like... SLUG: Pantera?

KB: Not quite. Not Helmet. or...

SLUG: Butthole Surfers?

KB: No. Actually I like things that have something different. I enjoyed Nirvana because they had such a different sound. I like Red Hot Chili Peppers. I mean I definitely come from a different lifestyle than they do, and I usually wear a little bit more than a sock, but I appreciate the fact that I think they are sincere with their music. I'm not the hippest guy on the block, but my record collection does not represent the greatest top 40 stuff in the world.

SLUG: In all honesty, do you have any Yanni or John Tesh albums in your personal CD collection?

KB: I have absolutely none of those. In all honesty, I have none.

SLUG: Does your wife?

KB: My wife and I share common tastes. In fact, I think people would be surprised that I have no New Age type music. I listen to world music. the actual African pigmy sound. I don't buy some guy with a synthesizer making sounds like that. I love the real thing. My record collection would consist of movie soundtracks, classical music from A to Z, funk from the seventies, I love Tower of Power. I love Confunktion, Parliament, all that kind of stuff.

SLUG: Did you go see George Clinton when he came recently?

KB: I would love that stuff. I didn't enjoy watching them that much. It was a little distracting. I just enjoy funky bass lines. Anything that's sincere. I don't like pop country music much. And I'm not a big Tammy Wynette style fan. I don't like that real twangy, fingers against the chalkboard voice stuff.

SLUG: That's really funny, because when I was interviewing her, she said she hates you too.

KB: I never got into any of the glam rock stuff. Even today there are versions of what I would call glam rock. I think what's happened with Marilyn Manson right now is the same thing that happened to glam rock. I watched his latest video on MTV the other day. He's not as unique anymore. When he first came out he was kind of fresh. Now he's trying to propagate this image he's got and he's redoing himself a little bit. Then everybody else starts dressing like him and the whole Goth world is holding on to him and saying "Listen we love this. This is great." And he's going to get bored with himself and probably end up shaving his hair and go on a Mormon mission or something.

SLUG: Rumor has it that he's going to get some ribs removed. Did you hear that one?

KB: What? Ribs removed?

SLUG: Yeah, so he can ???? more easy.

KB: Oh I see.

SLUG: So he can be a little more limber with himself.

KB: I understand. In fact uh, boy that would be tough.

SLUG: Yeah, that would be one hell of a feat.

KB: I try and listen to all that stuff. I really do.

When I listen to the early stuff by Marilyn Manson, I felt like he was trying to do some really musically interesting things. Lately, the couple of new things that I've heard, I don't sense that same kind of freshness. And he'll try to out do himself. Pretty soon when everyone starts to look like him, then he's got to out do himself. It's kind of like the Madonna thing.

SLUG: More marketing than music.

KB: So he removes ribs and he can do himself. Then what do you do after that?

SLUG: That's a hard one to top all right.

KB: Well it is. For me that's kind of a dead end road. It gets away from the music. Now I don't share that kind of lifestyle. I'm from Utah valley for heaven's sake. I can sit back and say, "I'm never going to do that. But if he's sincere about it and he's really trying to say something from the heart, I'll respect his right to do that." But then when he starts manipulating the media and playing those games, he's no better than John Tesh.

SLUG: What would be the one thing that would surprise everyone about Kurt Bestor. Besides the indecent exposure charges?

KB: Those are pretty well public by now. Um, I think the stereo type of what I am based on what people think my music is. I think people would be surprised that I know

allot about allot of things. That I'm not just stuck in one New Age zone. It would surprise people to find out that I don't have any of that kind of music in my library.

SLUG: It surprised me.

KB: In record stores, record people have a hard time sticking me places. I go in the New Age category because that's just where you put it. I've got music on my albums that sound like it should go in the soundtrack area. I've got other music that's like classical. There's a song on the sketches album that's basically a classical piece that classical radio stations are playing. Those people hate New Age just as much as other people. So, I think people will be surprised that I'm not just a one trick pony. But that's hard for me to put that out there because the records are out in front of me.

SLUG: Barry Manilow syndrome.

KB: I actually know him. I was doing a Las Vegas show for Mary Hart of Entertainment Tonight.

SLUG: That's when you met John Tesh too.

KB: That's exactly when I met John Tesh. But I had to do an arrangement of 'Smokin' by Boston, for Mary Hart to sing. And played by horns.

SLUG: Did she choose that?

KB: Well, I didn't choose it. I didn't want to take a song that I grew up on and give it to Mary Hart. She's a sweet lady, but she sounds like Julie Andrews when she sings. It wasn't very good.

SLUG: Just keep on toking.

KB: That's right. I don't even know if she changed the words or not. It was really funny. She got slammed and criticized. But uh, now where was I going with this. You got me off the track. Sometimes my fans say, "How come you did that album? It's totally different from what we expected. It's because I can't repeat myself over and over again. I did a classical piece for the Utah Symphony and the Utah Symphony Choir with Terry Tempest Williams.

SLUG: Yeah, the girl that played that kid on the Cosby show.

KB: Nice try. She's an award winning environmental writer. She's from Utah, but she's world-renowned. She and I did something together about Mt. Timpanogos. I'm going to put it on a CD and my fans are going to expect the same thing they heard last time, and it will be totally different. Luckily I've got listeners that are will-

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ing to follow me on the journey I take.  
**SLUG:** Speaking of your fans, the last time we talked you mentioned that you wished that the crowds you attract for your live shows would loosen up a little and maybe form a mosh pit. I know they're the most conservative people on the planet. Has anything out of the ordinary happened while you were playing live? Has any women ever thrown panties or bras at you on stage?

**KB:** No. In Utah County I don't think they have those anyway.

**SLUG:** But you've done a national tour haven't you?

**KB:** I have. I did a western swing last year in Dallas and Phoenix. No matter where I am, it has nothing to do with religion; I still attract that same kind of crowd. My demographic, according to my people, is 25 to 50 year old women with like four kids and a welder husband. And usually the women drag the men to the concerts. I do think I get people to loosen up more than they typically do. It's a far cry from anything you would see at a rave club or something, but people are starting to loosen up a little bit. I'm pretty CAS(ual) at my concerts. I'm not stuffy.

**SLUG:** At least the cops aren't hassling people in the parking lot for doing acid or selling grilled cheese sandwiches.

**KB:** I think they might have to set up a metal detector this year for the first time.

**SLUG:** You have to admit that a large portion of your audience, like it or not, are the same people that support the censorship of the Rodin exhibit at BYU. What are your thoughts on that whole thing?

**KB:** Certainly the people that come to my concerts are more apt to follow along than maybe people who read SLUG. We'll make those kind of stereo types. But I think that whole Rodin thing's a shame to be honest. Egads, I've been to Europe. There's a difference between titillation and art. Madonna can come out with her sex book and she can call it art, but I don't call it art. I don't think that anything should be censored, but I think there should be appropriate places for people to see things. They should have a choice of going to see it. That's what I believe. I think Mapplethorpe has his place, and I think people should be able to go see it. I don't want to take away choice. because I think religious people, and I use that word in the broadest sense, should be more accepting. I think it's a shame that people made that decision, but BYU is a private institution. They can do what they want.

**SLUG:** Do you think they censored it because of what they saw as perverse, or do you think they censored Rodin for reasons of violence, like when he's fighting Godzilla?

**KB:** I don't think either one. I think they censored it because they knew that they've got allot of people who are narrow minded in art, and aren't able to handle stuff like that and I think that's the biggest shame of all.



**SLUG:** Isn't it their choice though, to handle it or not. They can always stay home.

**KB:** That's right, but they're smart. They are down in Utah County. They say "We want to get the most people, in Utah County primarily, to come and see this thing. We want school children to come. We want everybody to come. That's our audience. So what are we going to play for our audience? We choose this stuff, and this stuff we choose not to." They're just considering their audience.

**SLUG:** So basically they're being the John Tesh of Museums.

**KB:** See, I think that the whole freedom thing gets a little screwed up sometimes.

**SLUG:** Some people have too much freedom.

**KB:** Nobody has too much freedom, but when you live in a world, and no matter who you are in the music business, you have a listenership. You've got to consider who your listeners are going to be. There are certain things that I'm not going to do. I'm going to censor myself, like BYU. There are certain things I'm not going to do in concert. I'm not going to come out like Marilyn Manson at my concerts because I know who my listenership is. So that analogy with BYU is, they know they've got some narrow minded people who live down there who can't see a penis without thinking bad thoughts. That's unbelievable. I mean, I've seen David, and you're not only seeing a penis, you're seeing a two-foot penis because he's huge.

**SLUG:** That is kind of scary.

**KB:** We're not talking, what's his name, that new movie that's out. Boogie Nights. I see David and I'm moved by it. Michael Angelo did an unbelievable job portraying the human body. I think that's marvelous. I don't think that the people at BYU think Rodin is pornographic at all. I just think they know that little 'ol ma and pa from Spanish Fork are going to come in and they are going to be highly offended.

**SLUG:** You call happy valley your home. The same place that made it so no swimming was allowed on Sunday, so that people who aren't Mormon and don't live on the college campus, still have to abide by BYU's rules or lose their homes. etc... Do you feel that there is a separation of church and state when it comes to Provo?

**KB:** There are places where there are, and there are places where there aren't. I don't have a problem with the second example you gave, only because when a person got into those particular housing, they knew that that was the case.

**SLUG:** But when that's the case throughout the city, and you have to have a job and a place to work, ....

**KB:** It's not one hundred percent the case. I mean, If we wanted to speak specifically, there are places to drink there. There a places to have your fun.

**SLUG:** Have you ever visited the strip joint they want to shut down? You're wife doesn't read SLUG.

**KB:** No I have not. I drove by it. I've never been there. I choose not to go there.

**SLUG:** After you got out of drug rehab, you lost touch with your old friends and dealers. Do you ever miss them or that lifestyle?

**KB:** They can come to my concerts. I've got free tickets for all my former dealers.

**SLUG:** Because you owe them or because you want them there?

**KB:** I feel like I owe them. I'll put this right out on the table. Anybody that I've ever bought drugs from will not only get free tickets for life, I'll buy them a new car and I'll pay their mortgage payments for life.

**SLUG:** There have been accusations that on "Sketches", my favorite of the three CDs you gave me, song number 10 has satanic backmasking on it. I tried to turn the CD backwards to see if I could hear it and only burned my hand with the laser. So clear this up for us. Is there any Satanic backmasking on any of you albums?

**KB:** Natas! Natas! No. I have subtle messages in that one though. Seriously. I know this isn't the answer you were looking for, but that particular song, I take one melody and I use that melody, one little phrase. I try to turn it upside down. I play it all different ways. We tried to count how many times I use that quote in the song and there are over 60.

**SLUG:** More than 60? Say maybe 666?

**KB:** You got me. Bestor is Satan. What a revelation. You heard it here first. Private Eye Weekly eat your heart out.

—Ray M.



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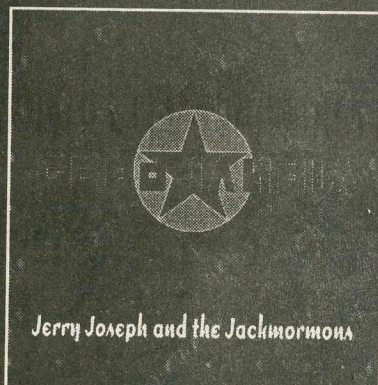
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# SERIAL KILLER OF THE MONTH



In 1894, Frank Sweeney was born into an impoverished Irish family who lived on the East Side of Cleveland at the edge of Kingsbury Run. Intelligence and a strong work ethic allowed Frank to work his way through medical school while holding down full-time jobs. After decades of exhausting effort, he graduated from medical school in 1928 and became an intern in Cleveland's St. Alexis Hospital. Soon his intelligence and hard work caught the attention of Dr. Carl Hamann, one of the finest teaching physicians in Cleveland. As Dr. Hamann's protege, Frank Sweeney had an excellent career as a surgeon before him.

In his junior year in medical school, he married a beautiful nurse and had two sons. His siblings remembered him as a man who was almost completely absorbed in science and medicine. Even so, he would stop what he was doing and immediately attend to a family member who was injured or sick. His concern for the health of his siblings and their children endeared him to them. They all respected his intelligence and medical expertise.

Unfortunately for Frank, just at the eve of his promising career, destructive pressures were building inside him. Some of these problems may have been genetic, others caused by an injury during World War I and some by overwork. Alcoholism ran in Frank's family and had gripped both Frank and his father. Mental illness was also a problem. Later in his life, Frank was diagnosed as manic and schizoid. In 1917 he received severe head injuries WWI and was subsequently awarded a partial disability pension.

According to his wife's divorce petition, his alcoholism became very acute in 1929

and worsened as time went on. In early September of 1934, the lower half of a woman's torso washed up on the shores of Lake Erie. A couple of days later, the upper portion of the torso was found on the beach some thirty miles east.

The woman's naked torso had been expertly bisected and decapitated. Her legs had been cut off at the knees and her arms had been dead perhaps a month before that. A preservative had been applied to the skin to prevent quick decomposition. Unsuccessfully identified as any known person, she remained what the newspapers had called her: "the Lady of the Lake."

On September 23, 1935, some boys found the decapitated and emasculated nude bodies of two men in Kingsbury Run. The bodies were found a few feet apart at the base of a

steep hill. The heads were found buried in shallow graves nearby. The older of the two victims, known only as Victim One, was the first victim officially included in the Kingsbury Run murders series, even though subsequent murders support the belief that "the Lady of the Lake" was really the first victim in this serial murder case. Victim One was a man approximately forty-five-years-old who was short and heavy. His skin had been treated with a preservative which left his skin discolored and tough.

Fingerprints identified the younger man as Edward Andrassy, a tall, slender, handsome young man with a reputedly strong appetite for both women and men.

On the bitterly cold Sunday, January 26, 1936, a woman around E. 20th and Central Avenue asked her neighborhood butcher if she could have the "meat in the baskets" outside of his shop. Inside the baskets, wrapped in newspaper and burlap bags, were the lower half of a woman's torso,

two thighs, and a right arm. Later, the rest of the woman's body, except for her head, was found. On July 5, 1936, two boys found the head of a man rolled up in a pair of pants. The next day, the police found the decapitated body of a young man 200 feet away. The head had been decapitated while the victim was alive, although there were no signs of a struggle, or drugs. This time, it appeared as though the killer may have allowed the young man to bleed to death before he completed the removal of the head. The body was in good condition which led the coroner to believe that the man had been killed late July 3rd or early July 4th.

Newspapers and police called this 1, slender, handsome man in his mid-twenties

had several very distinctive tattoos: on his left leg, the cartoon character "Jiggs"; on his left arm, a standard of crossed flags and the initials W.C.G.

The pants in which the man's head had been hidden were new and made of cashmere. A white knit polo shirt was torn and bloody at the neck and shoulders. Like the other victims, this man was killed and cleaned up before he was transported to Kingsbury Run.

Police thought that the good condition of the body and the unique tattoos would make it easy to identify this victim, so the body was put on display at the morgue and some two thousand people showed up the first night to see it. Photos of the face and tattoos were carried by all of the detectives investigating the case. Even a plaster cast of the face was part of an exhibit at the Great Lakes Exposition in 1936 and 1937. The man was never identified.

In December of 1935, Eliot Ness, the young hero of The Untouchables, capitalized on his Chicago reputation and became the head of Cleveland's 2,400 man police and safety forces. The murders officially began in September of 1935 when the bodies of two nude, decapitated men were found in Kingsbury Run at the base of a steep hill. Victim One had been killed at least a week before the second victim. The police and coroner saw no reason at that time to connect these murders with the body of a dismembered and decapitated young woman, called by the newspapers "The Lady of the Lake", who had washed up on the shores of Lake Erie a year earlier. But, having no clues, the police investigation ended.

In January, one month after Eliot Ness took office, the body of prostitute Flo Polillo was found outside a butcher shop. She, too, was decapitated and dismembered like "The Lady in the Lake" in 1934, but was not connected to the 1934 homicide.

On June 5, a few days before the 1936 Republican convention the decapitated body of a man was found very close to the Railroad Police office in Kingsbury Run. The police were optimistic that they could identify the Tattooed Man because of the several very distinct tattoos he had on his arms and legs. Both the head and body were displayed at the morgue for several days, but no one came forward to identify this fourth victim. Eliot Ness had no choice but to get involved. The police chief went into overtime. He knew that the killer was large, strong and was very familiar with Kingsbury Run. He knew anatomy, but may not have had medical training. The victims, all of whom were most likely from the lowest echelons of society, were taken to a place where the killer could kill, dismember, and clean the bodies.

The year 1937 brought with it three more decapitated bodies which, after extensive investigation, were known only as



Victim Seven, Victim Eight, and Victim Nine. Police morale was at a low point. Ness persuaded the city's newspapers to give the crimes minimal publicity.

By the spring of 1938, it appeared as though the "Mad Butcher of Kingsbury Run" had left the city. The last victim had been found in early July of the previous year. Then an odd tip came to the Cleveland police in March. A recently severed leg had been found by a dog in Sandusky, Ohio. Lieutenant David Cowles, Eliot Ness's trusted officer overseeing the investigation, went to Sandusky to determine if there was any connection to the Cleveland murders. As a result, attention focused quickly on a physician. Lieutenant Cowles personally took a close look at Dr. Frank Sweeney, who had, over the past two years, periodically checked himself into the veterans hospital in Sandusky for alcohol treatment. Cowles realized that Dr. Sweeney could have checked himself into the hospital, quietly disappeared for a day or two, taken a train or car into Cleveland. For a man being treated for alcoholism he could easily explained a day or two absence as a relapse.

Dr. Francis Edward Sweeney had been an early suspect in the Kingsbury Run murders because he fit the police profile very closely. Chronolo 938. Victim Ten had been a young woman before she was dismembered and thrown into the Cuyahoga River.

Ness and his police force had interrogated several thousand suspects and numerous police experts from around the world had volunteered their views on the crimes. Nothing was working.

The only solid suspect Ness had was the alcoholic surgeon. After Victim Ten, Dr. Sweeney was followed almost continuously. Unfortunately for the policemen who followed, Dr. Sweeney became adept at losing his "tail." Far from being alarmed Dr. Sweeney saw the treatment as a joke. Unable to see Ness, Dr. Sweeney had to make do with a Lieutenant Cowles. He taunted Cowles by bringing him articles on the murders for his "Sweeney file." He sent Cowles drawings of dismembered bodies. He hand crafted a papier-mache torso and mailed it to Cowles.

On August 16, 1938, the remains of two people who had been killed before Victim Ten were found not far from Ness's office. The pressure on Ness to resolve the murders was so intense that he captured his chief suspect for interrogation.

After three days in the luxurious hotel suite, a finally sober, and amused Dr. Sweeney was interrogated by four men: Eliot Ness, the court psychiatrist, Lieutenant David Cowles, and Dr. Leonard Keeler, the inventor of the polygraph.

Secrecy was critical because Dr. Sweeney was the first cousin of Congressman Sweeney, a vocal critic of Ness and the city administration. Ness had to treat this suspect carefully, at any moment, the doctor could call in the congressman and the interrogation would end. After the interrogation and repeated polygraph tests, which Dr. Sweeney failed each time, Ness and the others were convinced that Dr. Sweeney was the serial killer. Dr. Sweeney defied Ness to prove his theories. Ness's widow told the story years later that when her husband was alone with Dr. Sweeney, trying to persuade him to confess, he called for David Cowles to join him. No one answered his call and he realized he was alone doctor. Ness confments of his career. Ness's problem, now that he had found the killer was that all his evidence was circumstantial, insufficient.

to prosecute a doctor with such a high-profile cousin. He could continue to have the brilliant Dr. Sweeney followed constantly, but the physician had already shown that he could evade the surveillance. Even if Ness chose to have the doctor followed, the congressman would almost certainly do something to prevent any further surveillance.

One thing is documented: Dr. Sweeney voluntarily entered the Sandusky veterans hospital right after the interrogation on August 23, 1938. Whether a deal was worked out by Ness, the doctor and his family or whether Dr. Sweeney took the action solely on his own, continues to be a mystery. The physician remained in veterans hospital until his death in 1964. The murders ended with the murder in April of 1938. —St. Feltcher

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# ...Letter from Hooper...

**Killcare, Triphammer,  
Lyndal Control, and Propeller  
December 18th, 7:00 PM  
Cork Room  
Top Floor, Union Building  
University of Utah**

Within the past 10 to 15 years, music has gone through a lot of changes in the Salt Lake area. Venues have come and gone as well as a wide variety of unique bands. The local media has done an excellent job to promote and support local music that caters to the 21 and over bar crowd. However, an entirely different subculture of music does and has existed throughout this entire time period that includes different genres of music and performance ad that caters to a crowd of all ages. Many local bands will only play in venues that will organize and promote all ages shows. The two of us have been involved in this subculture for over 10 years as participant observers as well as performers in various bands. We have organized shows for local and touring bands, and benefit shows for different non-profit organizations that support causes that help people and animals in need. We have been given the opportunity by SLUG magazine to premier and review shows of this nature hoping that we can introduce you, the reader to a different element of Salt Lake's Underground music culture. This first

installment is a preview of an upcoming show featuring local as well as out of state touring bands.

Killcare, a three piece band, resides in Portland, Oregon. They have a unique style that compares to many Mid-West and D C; area hands. Interesting tempo changes, melodies, and vocals in the vein of bands similar to Rodan, June of 44, early Fugazi, and Fuel. Stand up bass, fender guitars, and tight drums create their tunes. Very pleasing to the eye and ear, and they are all very nice guys to boot. They have recently finished an album that they produced themselves. Make sure to bring extra money because after one song, you will have the burning desire to buy it.

Triphammer is a local band that defines power' finesse' durability and emotion. Their music is what "hard core" should be. All members know their roles in this band and they perform them well. Their vocalist puts his entire soul into his lyrics and execution. He will leave you in a state of complete shock and amazement. The two guitarists compliment each other's different styles. The layering of the rhythms and lead melodies create a wall of sound that truly exemplifies talent and heart. The bass guitarist is the newest member of the band. His consistency is like a metronome, and he has brought a new element of character to the band as a whole. Their percussionist reinforces their power and finesse with a thought out style that only adds to their sound without taking away from the other elements of their music. Individually, they have been in past projects including

Waterfront, WAD), and Prod Iron.

Local's Lyndal Control have been playing around the Salt Lake area as well as touring the west for close to a year. They consist of members of the now defunct Indifference, Median 23 and Waterfront. This trio packs a powerful melodic punch either plugged in or performing acoustically which they accomplish with equal success. The talent and innovation of this band is evident in their variety of approaches in creating their own style of emotional music. Their music is like a roller coaster of sound that is not in the lines that other local bands have established. They do their own thing. Beyond entertainment, they make you realize why you listen to music.

This is Propeller's first show. Two members of Triphammer an ex-member of Fail, and a new comer comprise this new project. Melodic, powerfull, and pretty. An unusual characteristic of this band is their vocalist. She is capable and able to sing powerful, harmonious, and softly. This is the type of band that has the potential to go far with their music. If you were driving a long distance, you would want a recording of this band to keep you company. Hopefully, in the future, we will all have this option.

This show is free, but please bring donations for Killcare, seeing as this is an independent band with no financial support from the big labels above. No drugs, alcohol, or attitude invited. These bands play music for the simple fact that they love to. Remember why you started to go to shows in the first place, because that is what this show and the bands performing are all about. Come out and truly support local music.

Love,  
—JA and HJ

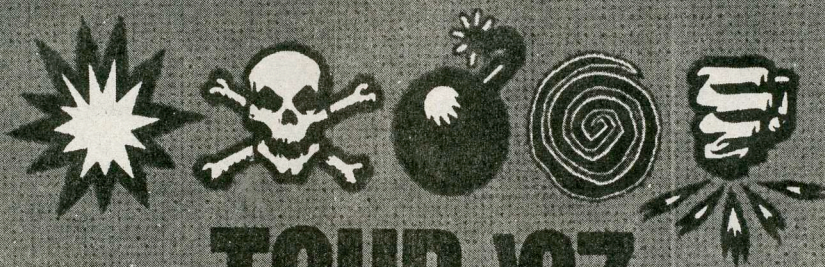
## Bookstore Lady

Old Woman named Margaret, sitting  
at the register  
doesn't believe in miracles;  
doesn't believe that they happen.  
Doesn't believe in Jesus either.

—J.D. Wolfe



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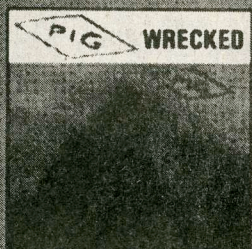
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# Rap-Up 1997

Well, at first I wanted to do a top ten list of best albums released this year. To tell you the truth, I don't think I've listened to enough new music to give you a top ten list. I listen to a lot of music, as does everyone that writes for SLUG. But when it comes to music, we are all very opinionated and somewhere along the way, the road gets divided.

Then I started thinking about the music that I really like. You may agree, or you may disagree. It may appeal to you, or you may end up on the floor laughing. You see, it doesn't really matter, as long as you enjoy what you listen too, and you get something out of it. There is only one other reason besides the phat paychecks that come rolling through my door every month, that I write for SLUG. Passion. I'm passionate about music and the music I listen to. And I would bet, I'm not alone I would guess that the other SLUG hacks feel the same way. You, the fine reader may not know this but every SLUG hack has very eclectic taste. Our musical backgrounds are varied. We listen to music like the rich savor fine wine. Look, I'm not being egotistical on this, but combined, we know more about music than any other publication in the state of Utah. Mark my words on this one, baby. For us it's more than background noise while we drive, while we work, while we do our homework and put our kids to bed. It's a way of life and a certain lifestyle. It's a punk rock attitude, yet the likes and dislikes go far beyond punk rock. We like hard-edge, garage bands, heavy metal, metal heads, jazz, funk, lounge, mod, electronic, psychedelic, ska-grunge-thrash, in-yo-face, rip-the-shit-up, heart-beating, soul-poppin, feet-moving, mouth watering, sweet sunshine Music, (Can I get a Hallelujah?) Anything that can make our world a little brighter, a little less stressful and a whole lot better...Amen!

Bottom line is this. Music has got to speak to you and it's got to move you, and if it doesn't do those two things, stop listening to music and start really wasting your time by listening to FatAssLimbaugh. Now if you are female, take my hand and let me tell you what I've been listening to for the last year and why I like it so much. And if your male, let's go grab a cold what ever it is you drink and talk music. I'm always interested in hearing what other

people listen to, so if you've got some spare time, and would like to let me in on your soundtrack for your warped world, write me at SLUG magazine, Att: Royce and tell me what you've been listening to and why you like it. Let's Go...

## The JoyKiller / Three

Love this band, love this CD. Punk-Rock with a twist. Keyboards while Mr. Grisham pokes fun at life, ex-girlfriends, and even himself. Upbeat and Melodic. Don't let this CD fool ya though, The JoyKiller live has teeth and they will bite.

## Foo Fighters / The Colour and the Shape

Great disc, great set of songs. Grohl writes like most people only wish they could. Short, heart-felt, hard-edge pop songs. Lyrics that speak to the soul. Rythmn you can feel in your chest. I'm jumping this train late, and I'm kicking myself for it everyday. Too bad United Concerts cancelled their show this year.

## Prince / Emancipation

That's right, you read that correctly. I love this guy. He's hip, funny, multi-talented and puts on the best show I've seen in years. (I saw him twice this year, thank you very much!) This guy says and sings everything I just think about. Emancipation is three discs, one hour each. Three hours of soul grinding, beat pounding, funk-ed-up sex, joy and happiness. Only check this out if you really appreciate music. If there's any question, you better stick to your Prodigy CD's.

## Faith No More / Album of the Year

Very well could be. Incredibly strong. These guys are breaking new ground in the way they are approaching music and structuring songs. Mike Patton is awesome and truly is "The Man of a Thousand Voices." You all know what FNM sounds like, listen to this CD and then try to categorize them.

## Death in Vegas / Dead Elvis

This stuff is so tasty. This disc is really mixed, with a lot of different styles and influences. It has an industrial, jazz, ambient mood feeling to it. It was just released here in the U.S. in September. I really dig this stuff. Check it out at your favorite independent CD shop. When you get it home, grab your favorite companion, put this on the disc changer, turn up the volume, turn down the lights and roll with it! Excellent music to move to!

## Bone Thugs-N-Harmony The Art of War

Damn these boyz can kick it! Don't get the wrong idea, this isn't "gangsta-rap," these guys harmonize and sing, (that's right, sing!) like no other rap group I've ever heard. You better listen to this and then re-evaluate your thought on rap. Check out, "Neighborhood Slang," "Wasteland Warriors," and "Get' Cha Thug On," on WWII. On WWI check, "Body Rott," and "If I Could Teach the World." All those into this shit know exactly what I'm talking about. And if you are not into this, (you know who you are,) don't worry about it, you wouldn't get it anyway.

## Led Zeppelin / The Box Set

Aahh yes, the Mighty Zeppelin. Yea it's been out for a few years and yea I still listen to it at least once a week. Two words, Led Zeppelin, enough said.

Well, that's all for now. I'm tired and I need to get some shut-eye. I could go on forever and talk about Miles Davis, Jane's Addiction, Alice In Chains, Tool, Coltrane, The Cars, Sky Cries Mary, Bowie, Black Flag, Blah-blah-blah-blah, but I won't. Every once in awhile I give you all a lot of shit. But really, thanks for reading SLUG and sponsoring the advertisers. I do very little in the big scheme of things and every month I'm amazed at how much work and effort certain people do to bring you this magazine, either in hard-copy format or over the world wide web. A lot of hard work goes on behind the scenes with this "Free" publication every month that you will never see. I hope you enjoy it and appreciate it. (And if you don't, quit reading it and get a life!)

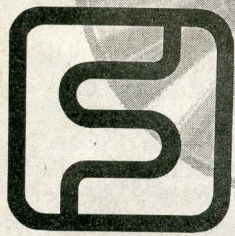
Have a great holiday season and be safe.

—Royce





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# CD REVIEWS *We're Only In It For The Money*

**Cary Bell**  
***Good Luck Man***  
**Alligator Records**

Cary Bell has long been one of my favorite blues harp layers. His new release, "Good Luck Man" only serves to strengthen that opinion. Not since Big Walter Horton has any single harp player so epitomized the Chicago Blues sound. To his fans, his harp playing is almost instantly recognizable. He has an unmistakable technique and tone. On "Good Luck Man" somehow, Carey Bell managed, for the most part, to avoid the "over-produced" sound that I've noticed on so many alligator releases lately. This is an overall great disc by a tough Chicago veteran. Carey Bell is the Real Deal. Check out "Hard Working Woman." Too Cool.

—MoJo Mike

**The Hentchmen**  
***Broad Appeal***  
**Norton**

The organ's wailing and the fuzz is flying. The Hentchmen open their third album with "Michigan Blues," a Detroit garage blues number for humpin' and chuggin'. Just as the last chord fades away the young trio launches into one of only three covers. "Slow Down," "Red Hot Car," and "Lucille" demonstrate impeccable taste, but hang on to the vintage threads because The Hentchmen have about 30 minutes of rockin' originals left. "Cashmere and Campau" is a rippin' instrumental. The organ makes the band. There are thousands of bands all over the world attempting to create the greatest garage rock record ever. The vast majority either haven't realized the depth of sound an organ can give a trio or they simply can't play one. Not that *Broad Appeal* is the greatest garage record ever, but the idea for most seems to be: find a vocalist who gargles with

bourbon and Listerine, learn a few fuzzy licks and strip the drum kit down to four or five pieces. Give the drummer dowel rods, find a plunker for the bass and there's a garage band. Wrong. The Hentchmen have all of it except the bass and then they add organ. Fuck solo piano and fuck electronic keyboards. If the instrument is as it sounds most of the space in The Hentchmen's van is taken up by a vintage organ. By now the reader is saying, "shut up about the organ, man." Okay, I'll repeat something. There isn't a bass. Guitar, vocals and organ, that's it.

The guys look like the average, everyday modern nerds who play punk rock. How and why they ever learned about garage rock and decided to play it in the first place is beyond me, but play it they do and they play the hell out of it. Okay, John plays the organ, blows the harp and sings lead. Tim is the guitarist and harmony vocalist. This boy isn't trapped by fuzz. He'll toss off a rockabilly, surf or Latin inspired lick quicker than a traffic light changes from yellow to red. The drummer, Mike, who also contributes harmonies is cracking the set like thunder and lightning in a Utah snow blizzard. I've saved the most surprising aspect of *Broad Appeal* for last. There are 16 songs and with the exception of "Chrissy Rides Again" each and every one of them lasts exactly one minute and 58 seconds. How do they do that?

—Chaz Romano

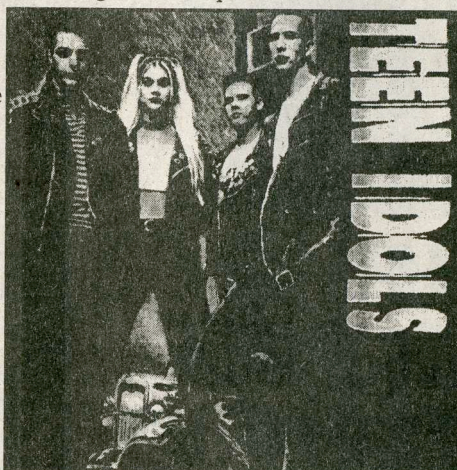
**Bobby Radcliff**  
***"Live at the Rynborn"***  
**Blacktop Records**

Bobby Radcliff is obviously a very talented guitar player. He plays so fast, very fast. Most of the time, in my opinion, a little too fast. As if he's trying to cram too many notes into too small of a space. I noticed this on two of his previous releases, and being recorded live didn't seem to make a difference. I did however really like the opening song, "Improvisations on Honky Tonk". Guitar players will probably love this disc. He has an incredible technique but I find it hard to listen to for very long. Take a valium, Bobby.

—MoJo Mike

**Teen Idols**  
***Honest Don's Reliable Redneck Recordings***

"I fought the law and the law won." Sony Curtis will never discover that the Teen Idols ripped the riffs to his song off and titled it "Let's Make Noise." Black leather, pompadours, a band named the Teen Idols and a female bassist with a baby doll T-shirt under the leather. Appearances can fool because the music isn't rockabilly. It is trash. "Johnny has a dream to make the scene where he can make all the young girls scream/Unbuckling his belt will surely make them melt/turning butter into cream/For now, he's an unknown who's content to take orders/stocking magazines, turning five's into quarters/Soon he'll



make them see that he's got what it takes/When they get a look at his 14 inch snake."

"Standing around at a punk rock show/I'm watching a band that's way too slow/I'm feeling fine from beer and wine/But this damn place is a waste of my time/Let's go alright!/Come dance with me/Fuck you! come dance with me/Fuck you! come dance with me/I'm feeling fine 'cause I fucking lost my mind." The band had best have some decent lyrics because the music is the same as 5,000 other bands play. Melodic-power-pop punk to jump around to - presenting - the Teen Idols. The harmonies are in place, the speed is too. The whole project is very well done and well played and if there is anything to separate the Teen Idols from the rest it is Heather's harmonies. The one time she steps out to sing a verse, "Anybody Else," the band reveals

not only a catchy song, but also hope for their future.

—Skid

**Another Girl**  
***In The Galaxy***  
**RCA**

She thinks she wants to be a softer more emotionally approachable Courtney Love with the indie label's reprieve of an Ani DiFranco but still write music that will sell without really giving anything personal away, at least not on the surface. Surface seems to all there is to Another Girl's music. The two minute ditties are skirmishes of lifeless lyrics and fizzy pop. Hasn't everyone recorded a song entitled iAnything For You? well just in case Another Girl included this saccharin song not once, but twice for your enjoyment.

And if anyone can tell the difference between that song and the creative secretion of "Do You Want Me Too" you shouldn't admit it. Please take some risks and sound shitty like no one else, rather than sounding shitty like everyone else. —Mad Reverend

**T-Model Ford**  
***Pee-Wee Get Your Gun***  
**Fat Possum/Epitaph**

Matthew Johnson, the owner of Fat Possum Records wrote the liner notes for this release. The notes tell T-Model Ford's story and rather than

review the CD I'll simply copy the liner notes. T-Model's blues are about as raw and primitive as anything I've ever experienced. Those who believe the other artists on the Fat Possum roster; R.L. Burnside, Junior Kimbrough and CeDell Davis are raw and primitive ain't heard nothing yet. This crazy old bastard plays the blues like the blues should be played. His blues throb, they burn, they bump and they grind. These blues are as nasty and funky smelling as the satin sheets Wayne Hancock describes in his song, "87 Southbound." Anyway, here's Matthew to tell the story of one T-Model Ford.

"Mississippi has got to be the worst place to live. Schools suck, infant mortality really sucks and Mississippians have called on the casinos to save us. However, being number fifty out of fifty is not completely without perks.



Appearances aren't as important - the state allows its residents to store twenty-six worn-out tires per acre - no one could be faulted for giving up in such a broke-dick place. It's no secret that the worst places have always inspired the strangest and loudest howls, and T-Models savage moan is no exception.

T-Models credentials as a bluesman are impeccable; if anything the man's over-qualified. He was born James Lewis Carter Ford in Forrest, a small community in Scott County, Mississippi. T-Model thinks he's seventy-five, but isn't sure. He was plowing a field behind a mule on his family's farm by age eleven, and in his early teens he secured a job at a local sawmill. He excelled and was later recruited by a foreman from a bigger lumber company in the Delta, near Greenville, and eventually got promoted to truck driver. Between that and working in a log camp T-Model was sentenced to ten years on a chain-gang for murder. He lucked out and was released after serving two. He says, grinning, 'I could really stomp some ass back then, stomp it good. I was a sure-enough dangerous man.'

Well, old times are not forgotten. T-Model is constantly arguing playfully with Stella, his girlfriend, about their more violent disagreements. When asked how many times he'd been to jail, T-Model responded, 'I don't know. How many?' He seemed to think it might be a trick question. Upon realizing it wasn't, he answered to the best of his ability. 'Every Saturday night there for awhile.'

As disheartening as this is, it's also a refreshing reminder of how ridiculous the present image of a bluesman is. Nothing could be more twisted than the romanticized and picturesque standard; an old black man devoid of anger and rage happily strumming an acoustic guitar on the back porch of his shack 'in that evening sun.' Three quarters of a century old, and with a dislocated hip, T-Model Ford is the only musician making his debut who could just as easily be starring in the most competitive branch of the National Wrestling Federation: The Cage Match.

Although Fat Possum makes it its business to trod some wild paths, the wildest yet has to be the one that T-Models drummer,

Spam lives on. We stopped enroute to New York City just as Spam's girlfriend walked out the door dragging an oxygen tank and holding a cigarette in her hand - a situation that could have easily blown out her rib cage if not the entire block. Spam didn't care about that though. He was worried she might snip off the tip of his finger with a box cutter again.

Tommy Lee Miles to the authorities, Spam to his friends, he has been T-Model's A-number-one drummer for the past eight years. Sam Carr and Frank Frost, T-Model's old friends, were brought in for one session. But, the guest musician's smiles gave way to scowls as T-Models constant refrain ('T-Model Ford is going to remember you sorry fuckers how it's done') became more and more emphatic. Seconds before 'Been A Long Time' was recorded, Frank Frost felt compelled to state, 'I want everyone to know that I'm now playing against my will.'

T-Model and Spam are the only men still playing Greenville's Nelson Street. Most of the audience has scattered due to the violence from the crack trade, and with the exception of T-Model, the street which once boasted Booba Barnes and others is dead. On a typical night Spam and T-Model will arrive at the club and unpack T-Model's guitar and amp, and the bass drum and snare he allows Spam to use. When T-Model feels there are enough people, they start banging away in their own post-war Peavy-powered hill stomp. It's nothing unusual for T-Model to play eight hours a night. They keep going until no one's left standing. After his equipment's packed up T-Model will coat himself with Outdoorsman Off and climb into his van to crash."

The CD is as amazing as those liner notes.

—Ezra

**David Holmes**  
*Lets Get Killed*  
**Go!Beat/ 1500**

If you need any ideas on how to use the word fuck, this is the CD for you. The jacket promises to be ifunky as fuck; and I'll paraphrase G.W.H; the fuckin' fuckers fuckin' funky. This is New York centered acid funk good enough for any cocaine rattled

clubwhore. The sampling before each session are character vignettes talking about shit like; iNew York is the shit, man/ New York is the bomb, man/ we got whores and fine women to hook up with; or; iJames Bond is the man to me because I don't care what nobody says, if you can get a gun shoot 30 people, walk out, blow it up, knock a piece of dirt on it, walk down the block, pick up a chick and take her to a motel you is the shit. This is followed by the coolest James Bond theme song you'll ever hear. You may remember David's older brother Rupert; if you like pina colada's / or making love in the rain. No actually Rupert is a distant cousin or may not even be related.

—Mad Reverend

**Murder 1**  
*Shopping For Porn*  
**NMG Records**

Wow! Aren't these guys the shit? They are really, really mad about something... I mean everything. If you reach within your own heart you will find the strength to be as mad as they are and then you can survive. I learned this information by listening to "Hero Within." "Sick Of Being Sick" explains how sick Murder 1 is of working all day, cutting their hair, guys who think they are gay and many other things. They are sick of being sick, but the question remains. What are they going to do about it? I guess they will find a "J. Crew girl." The CD is half way over and I've heard a combination of pretty typical punk rock intermixed with pretty typical heavy metal guitar soloing. Cakeboy is the vocalist and he has an astounding ability. Cakeboy can sing better than anyone from Days Of The New, Third Eye Blind, Matchbox 20 or Sister Hazel when he feels like it. Most of the time he doesn't feel like it. Since he is so angry he wants to destroy his vocal chords by screaming. He engages in some rapping/spoken word as well.

"Why are you so angry?" "Why do you sit around listening to angry punk rock music all the time?" Why don't you fuckers

waste some of my tax money on a congressional investigation to find out why? Hasn't anyone noticed the big mess? Of course not, how could you, you're sitting in it. I guess I could take drugs, go to raves and dance all night. That would make me happy wouldn't it?

—Ezra

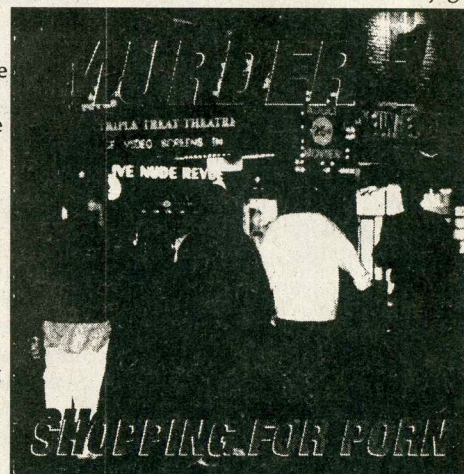
**The Murmurs**  
*Pristine Smut*  
**MCA Records**

Fiona Apple, The Indigo Girls and now The Murmurs follow a grand tradition of female complaint rock. Granted they are on the harder side of the spectrum, they still can belt some soulful lyrics; iI'm a mess...i (repeat ad nauseum). Oh they've got some bitter sweet irony in their lyrical feedback; iWe'll play a game of house/ You be the girl and I'll be the boy! The album is produced by K D Lang and she's sittin' on a goldmine (in more than one way) with this band. Genius sounds just like Constant Craving, heh it worked once right. They've got the trend, the style, the hit song (keep your fingers crossed) and the producer; now they need you to gobble up their albums. Do it now before they are too popular and remember to go to their concert in army fatigues to give it that nice militant female atmosphere. I'm constantly craving for Ms. Lang and The Mumblings to get back in their damn Toyota trucks and go home.

—Mad Reverend

**The Lazy Cowgirls**  
*A Little Sex and Death*  
**Crypt**

One listen to *A Little Sex and Death* and the entire Tenderloin influence becomes as clear as a jug





# CD REVIEWS *We're Only In It For The Money*

of Everclear. I probably have about five years left before I won't be able to listen to music this good anymore. I'll have a heart attack and die. The only thing Tenderloin has that The Lazy Cowgirls lack is the harmonica and even as I wrote the words it appears in "Name Droppin' Son Of A Bitch." "Here Comes Trouble" is the opener. The Rolling Stones are supposed to be the "greatest rock 'n' roll band in the world." That's bullshit. The Rolling Stones never rocked as hard as The Lazy Cowgirls. They didn't rock this hard when they were copying American bluesmen. The Lazy Cowgirls rank right up there with bands such as the MC5, the Stooges, the New York Dolls, very early Brownsville Station and Bruce Springsteen before he became famous and quite playing bars in Ashbury Park. Since the label is Crypt the temptation to include a lot of "garage" rockin' names appears as a light bulb above the head, but that "garage" term isn't sufficient. *A Little Sex and Death* is music for insanity. The disc doesn't drive me insane, but think of all those suit guys. They listen to shit like Amy Grant Christmas CDs, they listen to Mannheim Steamroller and they believe Yanni, Enya and Enigma are just the best. I'd like to take some of those silly fuckers and lock them in a concrete room just like an inmate. Locking them in a concrete room wouldn't disturb them in the least because that is how they spend their days, locked away in some little room with a computer, a fax and a phone, even as they pretend to be the "man" while serving their time for the "man" above them, but blindfold the fuckers. Strap them to a chair. Place the highest quality headphones on the market over their ears. Imagine an entire room filled with men in suits and either pony tails, balding heads or brush cuts

handcuffed to antique wooden kitchen chairs wearing headphones. Unbuckle their "slacks" and place them at knee level. Now place The Lazy Cowgirls in a CD player, turn the volume up to 10 and watch. They'd be flopping like a trout on the beach in about 30 seconds and they'd all be dead before the beam reached "Bad News" the seventh track on *A Little Sex and Death*. Of course death is always accompanied by shitting, pissing and an ejaculation for males. It would be the best shit, piss, orgasm any of them ever had. If the reader is not a suit wearer and actual music is of interest the latest "product" from The Lazy Cowgirls is pretty much a ripper of a listen. After a very long year and thousands of recordings it is my #1 and that is no bullshit.

—Sweet Thing Let Me  
Take You From Behind

## The Van Pelt *Art Monk Construction*

This is a very special ep full of not so inventive lyrical imagery. The song The Speeding Train is merely stagnant images repeated "The speeding train/ the puppy's chin/ the perfect pitch" The only other song is set to "I Want Candy". The best thing I can say is it was only seven minutes long. I salute this belch of a recording with a belch of a review.

—Mad  
Reverend

## Kittens *Bazooka and the Hustler* Sonic Unyon

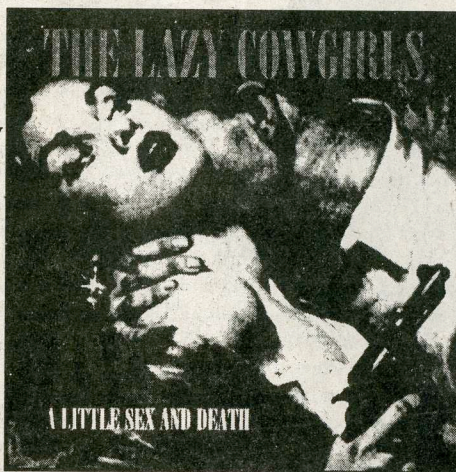
"Overall it's like country noise rock," says singer Shawn Fedorchuck. Sonic Unyon sent two CDs. It's a Canadian label and I have no idea where in this stupid city to purchase the music. The website is [www.sonicunyon.com](http://www.sonicunyon.com). The band is from Winnipeg, but an interview included with the CD has the information on their rural roots. Evidently rural roots equal country music. *Bazooka and the Hunter* barely hints at country music. I guess in the Kittens minds banging away like the rhythm band in an insane asylum is creat-

ing country music. This guy Shawn is in a rage. At least that's what it sounds like and I'm not going to attempt to decipher the lyrics he spews from his wounded mother bear in search of a lost cub throat. The animal reference applies because seven of the 14 songs have an animal in the title. If any animals survive the coming Apocalypse the noise of their pain as they walk the scorched earth is previewed by the Kittens on the *Bazooka and the Hustler* CD.

—Jeremiah

## King Sour *Instrumentally Retarded* Morphius Records

The title gives it away. King Sour doesn't have a vocalist. The CD is mood music for the wasted. Here's a story. This guy was telling me how all local bands are stuck doing A-B-A-B music. He did enjoy Blanche. Everyone enjoys Blanche. But King Sour



titled a song A.D.D. just for him. It isn't A-B-A-B, but it is close enough and the man in question probably can't say his A-B-C's anyway. So King Sour is interested in tone and dynamics. The musicianship is hardly spectacular. The pieces are all quite similar in nature, but when notes are sustained or just minimally embellished with some blast and grate texture the music becomes enjoyable. Another technique used by King Sour is old fashioned repetition. The technique goes all the way back to, I guess, a Phillip Glass influence. Lock into it until the repetition reaches the point of unbearable irritation and then move on to the next phase of repetition. "Math Rock, My Ass" is

*Instrumentally Retarded's* best example. Play that little number for the neighborhood progressive rock freak or the technically proficient Eric Johnson buff. Actually restrain the unit, and I say unit because the vast majority of these people aren't human, and force them to listen. Keep a syringe full of Thorazine handy because there is some probability that insanity will occur.

—Doc Eko

## Kenny Wayne Shepherd (Vaughan) Band *Revolution* Trouble Is...

Kenny Wayne Shepherd is one of the new Vaughan family. He joins Chris Duarte Vaughan, Corey Stevens Vaughan, Johnny Lang Vaughan and about a hundred or so lesser known names in the sweepstakes to replace Stevie Ray Vaughan in the record collections of minimally intelligent males. A few females are involved as well ("Kenny Wayne Shepherd rocks my world. When he plays it makes me wanna holler," says Wynonna Judd.), but the phenomena is mostly male. Just in case the target is fuzzy look at who is guesting. Why there's Double Trouble. That trio could make a million guesting on albums by every Stevie Ray wanna-be coming down the road, and they probably already have. "Trouble Is..." is definitely not *De-ja Voodoo* all over again, but an astonishing piece of work that accomplishes exactly what Kenny set out to do: reinvent blues rock for a new generation." That's what the bio says. Why then does it all sound like something I heard around 1984? You're telling me the playing on "Everything Is Broken" doesn't counterfeit Chris Duarte Vaughan? What does Kenny Wayne Shepherd Vaughan do for his very next attempt at "reinventing blues rock history" but cover, oh, I mean, interpret Jimi Hendrix? I might as well save my time and my money and stick with vinyl copies of *Couldn't Stand The Weather*, *Texas Flood*, *Soul To Soul* or *In Step*.

—Billy Boy Vaughan

## Honeydogs *Seen A Ghost* debris

God take me back a few years. The band has received a *No Depression* feature. They come from



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35



# CD REVIEWS *We're Only In It For The Money*

the Minneapolis area and the first song, "Rumur Has It," is a perfect example of '70s California soft rock with hints of '60s pop rock and a slight twang. The second number reveals more of the reason *No Depression* jumped on the band. "John Brown" is a folk rock ballad, but there is a twist. Al Kooper has a guest spot on Hammond organ. With the third song the Honeydogs mission is finally realized and as the fourth, fifth and sixth numbers slip into the consciousness their place is secure. Sort of. The Honeydogs are straddling the hippie rock and country rock fence. It's a barb-wire fence and the band is in danger of slipping in the mud. If one boot slips their balls are caught in barb wire. Now anyone who has had their balls caught in barb-wire is aware of how unpleasant the experience can be.

As long as the Honeydogs stick with tear jerkers such as "Those Things Are Hers" - which not only features piano and organ from Kooper, but also fiddle from Mike "Razz" Russell, a lap steel solo and some fancy country guitar picking - I'm in love with them. Country rockers were pretty much punks in the '70s anyway, punks with broken hearts and alcohol problems. "Into Thin Air" is one example of a near slip. "Your

Blue Door," just isn't a very good song. The strings and over emphasis on production makes things worse. Since I'm such an expert I'll give the band some hints. The best songs feature both fiddle and lap steel. Forget the cellos and violins. Keep the production lean and don't let the guitars rock, acoustic is fine, but kindly keep it country. Overall *Seen A Ghost* is very good if country rock is at all appealing. If you don't like Uncle Tupelo, the Jayhawks, the Delvantes and that entire crowd then forget it.

—City Dick

## Fu Manchu *The Action Is Go* Mammoth

The one-sheet provided with the CD proclaims Fu Manchu as metal. It must be so because the people where I work whine like a two-year-old every time they hear the disc. "Imagine a 70's rock feel with a 90's SoCal attitude." Well, whoever wrote the one-sheet missed it, a not uncommon happening. If Fu Manchu sounds like anything it is Blue Cheer. Who are they trying to fool? The band is a quartet and not a trio like the Blue Cheer boys, but Scott Hill (vocals), if he will admit it, has spent some time studying Dickie Peterson, the Blue Cheer vocalist/bassist. The riffs, the hard rock, psychedelic-heavy metal-acid rock - it's all taken from Blue Cheer.

Don't take me wrong, sounding like Blue Cheer is certainly not bad in 1997. Hardly anyone remembers the true Godfathers of modern metal today, although Steve Albini produced an album for them in, I believe '95 or '96. So the Fu Manchu guys studied Peterson, Paul Whaley (drums) and Leigh Stevens (guitars). *The*

*Action Is Go* sounds as fresh in 1997 as *Vincebus Eruptum* did in 1968. Even though the album is promoted as heavy metal the aspects of heavy metal I've come to hate are missing. Don't mention pop metal or glam metal around Fu Manchu because their clues are taken from the '60s, not the idiots filling stadiums during the '70s and '80s. Pick any song at random, actually I like

to set my player on shuffle for the disc and experience total and complete acid rock and psychedelia as it actually was. Where's the light show? Where's the chicks completely naked under flowing dresses? If there was a band to shout-out a "rock on!" to it is Fu Manchu and their new CD *The Action Is Go*. I like a lot of albums, rarely does one come along that I love and I love this fucker totally and completely.

—Holden Caulfield

## Guitar Wolf *Planet Of the Wolves* Matador

I've collected records for more years than I will ever tell at this point in time and I've spent more years than I will ever reveal in the so called music industry. After all those years and all those records I've decided that the only thing that matters anymore is trashy, extreme music. I don't care about dynamics, melodies, harmonies or technical proficiency anymore. I want something extreme, I want something noisy, I want something that will make me feel all the pain of everyday existence.

I'm sorry, but pretending to replace pain by meditating to some stupid recording by Cusco, Eko, Danny Wright or Giovanni is the same as masking the pain with drugs or alcohol. Don't mask the pain, accept it, embrace it, absorb the painful and extreme sounds of Guitar Wolf. Turn this shit up until the speakers blow, it sounds better through blown speakers. Take a ball point pen and pretend you are Link Wray. Shove the fucking pen into the cone of a \$1,000 speaker and crank the motherfucker. "I Can't Get No Satisfaction," is an old Rolling Stones song, "mother fuckin', mother fuckin', let's go" is a Guitar Wolf lyric. Don't even attempt to clean the needle fuzz from the CD player laser beam because it is impossible. *Planet Of The Wolves* is your inspirational, meditation music and a daily listen will remove the need for a therapist.

—Shit For

Brains

The Derailers

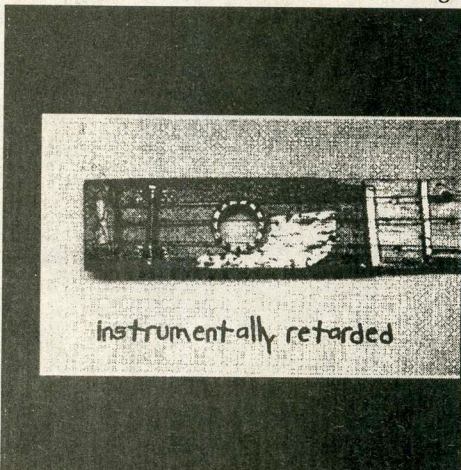
## Reverb Deluxe Sire/Watermelon

Tony, Brian, Terry and Ethan - I look at their faces pictured on the back cover as I finally listen to their completed major label debut. I've seen the boys play these songs three times. The songs and the band are like old friends and *Reverb Deluxe* is as close as to my heart as some old girlfriend who hasn't called in ten years. The advance cassette has been my constant companion for at least four months. Without question the best song is "Pawnshop Wedding Rings." Tony Villanueva wrote the song with Monte Warden. The names are unfamiliar to the loyal SLUG reader because your musical taste is about as well developed as your brains. The song is about rescuing two wedding rings from the pawnshop and teaching them about love. The Derailers play country. Ain't no bullshit country either. "California Angel" is Buck Owens playing in a surf band. "No One To Talk To But The Blues" beats Garth Brooks' latest "piece of crap" (I'm copying Neil Young there) "Long Neck Bottle" for a drinking song and "It's Too Late" is another barroom weeper. *Reverb Deluxe* is a honky tonk disc out of Austin that sounds like Bakersfield in '65. Bakersfield in '65 was filled with punks, but back then they thought they were cowboys.


—Tooter Boatman

## Blue Stingrays / Surf-N-Burn Epitome

Hype comes in many forms. In the case of the Blue Stingrays the hype came in the form of a prefabricated biography, prefabricated LP releases that never were and anonymity. I believe that the Blue Stingrays are actually the Residents. The record







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# CD REVIEWS *We're Only In It For The Money*

label, Epitone is remarkably similar to Epiphone, a label the Dave & Deke combo have been known to use, so it could actually be Dave and Deke with members of Big Sandy's Fly-rite boys. Pictured inside the little CD booklet are the record covers for *Let's Go*, *Surf Party* and *Valley Of The Days*. According to reference materials, these albums were never released, by Epitone, Del-Ray, or anyone else.

"The Blue Stingrays' story starts in '59...the band formed that summer in

explain things. Before Janes the underground was a much more divided camp. Skins, Skaters, Goths, Punks (more for look than substance), etc.... Violence was common and the call was Unity but it was a half hearted cry. So we tolerated each other, sometimes. So along comes this band of merry freaks breaking into a mass market. And they put out three albums. And came up with the idea of a travelling Concert/festival. So everybody went there was something of everything for all different tastes. Rollins for the skins, NIN for the Skaters, Souixsie for the goths (boy were they pissed they had to be out in the day light), and Butthole Surfers for the punks. Don't flame me for the connections cause it crosses over now. And this festival brings us all together and for the most part we all get along. Except for the goths who stayed in the shade tents till Souixsie and went back afterward, that damn evil sun. But you know what all of us had in common we all noticed the Frat boys, the younger

SoCal and created a new sound unlike any before or since....These surf

guitar pioneers produced three legendary recordings on the now defunct DEL-Ray records. "I'm sure the members of the Blue Stingrays are all so famous that anyone would recognize their names if they were printed and I ain't fallin' for the hype because...the disc doesn't move me. Fer sure dude, it's all well done, but surf music, actual surf music makes my heart quake. The Blue Stingrays are residing in the "lounge." It's wallpaper. Very pleasant wallpaper with plenty of twang, but it is still wallpaper. I missed the waves, I missed the sand, I missed the muscle boys, I missed the babes and I certainly didn't acquire a "woody" from listening, but possibly more important than any of that - I missed the surf. Snore...file the Blue Stingrays in the "New Age" or "Easy Listening" section.

—Frankie Funicello

Janes Addiction  
Kettle Whistle  
Warner Bros

This is record I felt would need perhaps a little more of a commentary than review. The memories this record conjured in me are sometimes a cruel joke sometimes scandalously revealing. But first off this is the record that Janes has been promising since their breakup.

Since the thing only has two new songs it is destined to be a pure nostalgia record. Those of us that have collected Janes pieces will no doubt notice the true lack of anything new. So here's where I get to vent a little bit. Screw you Mr Company man for making me wait to hear stuff I already had.

This is an all too familiar reunion (even with out Eric Avery) album. So don't even start condescending to me how it's like a new family all fresh and shiny. It's a glass bead, it's what you needed to keep your other projects going. It's about the money. Hey that's cool I mean but have the balls to admit it. I mean as much as I hate the Sex Pistols at least they let you know it was about the money up front. Even the goddamn Cure has the integrity to let you know it's for the money and to get out of a record contract (referring to their new album *Galore* here). Buddy I want honesty not bullshit.

So why am I so mad. I don't know I just have trouble with thinking a group who broke the underground to the world could be so bold as too make this lie about an organic reunion rather than admit the economic reunion that it is. Don't be fooled I still have a great deal of respect for J.A. and their movment to expose frat boys to what they were missing. And to expose some of us in the respective scenes to a sense of unity.

I suppose to make that statement ring a bit more to those of you who got involved after 90-91 I should

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kids, and the Hippies. I think alot of us knew then that what we had was almost over. You see this was the first time most of these bands had played anything bigger than a thousand seat hall. Some of them had never played anything bigger than 250. All of the sudden they were exposed to 50,000 or more people at every show. And people dug it.

Hey to all you people saying yeah they screwed with our style. You're an idiot alot of these bands deserved this break and if it weren't for Janes Addiction they would never had turned out anything.

So I guess the true question here would be do I like the new album. An acquaintance of mine once said in his liner notes for his first bands last album. "Breaking up is an idea too few good bands follow through with."

—Sausage King

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song titled, "Futile Bread Machine", and two more remixed songs that are not listed on the CD cover.

### JAG PANZER *The Fourth Judgement* Metal Blade

The group Jag Panzer of Colorado was originally formed in the early '80s, recorded a couple of albums, broke up, then reformed in 1996 for another go-around. From what I can gather Harry Conklin (vocals) and Joey Taffola (guitars) are the two original members. Joey Taffola - I remember that name from way back in the day, but I'm sure I've had way too many beers placed in front of me since the last time I saw his name to remember exactly why it looks so familiar. Either he had a solo album out, or he wrote a column for Guitar Player or something like that. The first half of *THE FOURTH JUDGEMENT* is filled with some pretty cool power metal. The rhythms and vocals have substance and melody, and all of the songs have Joey's speedy style of guitar solo. The second half of the album, while still good, seems to give me the idea that these "veteran rockers" are really veteran rockers. Track five, "Recompense" sort of has a Judas Priest sound to it, and, well, the anthem-like delivery of track six, "Ready To Strike" beacons me back to my high school years. *THE FOURTH JUDGEMENT* - a mixture of new and old metal.

with a session vocalist and contains five new tunes, four older Incantation songs, and a cover of Death's, "Scream Bloody Gore". The songs alternate between slower, doom-like passages and faster, synchronized double bass/single note guitar blasts. New vocalist/guitarist Daniel Corchado has been added recently for the recording of the band's third full-length, *DIABOLICAL CONQUEST* which is due out in March '98.

### ENTOMBED

#### *To Ride, Shoot Straight And Speak The Truth* Music For Nations

After relations with Columbia Records soured (trouble with a major label - go figure) Sweden's, Entombed waited for another label to release their latest album to the U.S. market. Music For Nations stepped in to scoop up the final product, and at the end of October released *TO RIDE, SHOOT STRAIGHT AND SPEAK THE TRUTH!!*. Entombed continue on with their signature, D-tuned, bluesy roar that the band made so popular on the *HOLLOWMAN* E.P. and *WOLVERINE BLUES* releases. This stuff is HEA-VY.

### DAMAGED

#### *Token Remedies Research* Rotten Records

Damaged is Australian for extreme. With previous albums, *DO NOT SPIT* and *PASSIVE BACKSEAT DEMON ENGINES* being released on Australia's Black Hole Records, the band got the attention of and were signed by D.R.I.'s label, Rotten Records. *TOKEN REMEDIES RESEARCH* was recorded in Melbourne and was produced by D.R.I.'s Spike Cassidy. This album is very extreme, but it also whips the madness that it creates into furious grooves. At certain points in listening to the album, you'll find yourself trying to stuff the brains back into your head that have been rat-

### SACRED REICH *Still Ignorant Live* Metal Blade

Back in 1986 when thrash metal ruled the world (ok, a small segment of the world) the band Sacred Reich was formed. By '87 the band had been signed to Metal Blade and recorded *IGNORANT*, which will forever be a classic metal album. Over the past ten years times have changed, but the band Sacred Reich has continued to excel at what they do. With drummer Dave McClain gone to play with Machine Head and Greg Hall at the drum kit again, the original line-up is back and intact. *STILL IGNORANT LIVE* is Sacred Reich's live set which features songs from their ten year career.

doesn't exactly make a band new, so I'll just say "hidden". This Swedish band is definitely out there doing their own thing. Mushuggah's music would be best described as cyber-thrash. They have a very heavy, technical, manipulated sound. I'm guessing *THE TRUE HUMAN DESIGN* is



being released to hold those over that are waiting for the band's next full-length. *THE TRUE HUMAN DESIGN* features a new song, live and

remixed versions of "Future Breed Machine" (off of *DESTROY, ERASE, IMPROVE*), an acoustic version of the same

### MESHUGGAH *The True Human Design* Relapse

Mushuggah is one of the best new bands I've heard in the last five years or so. Well, being together for ten years and having four albums out



### INCANTATION *The Forsaken Mourning Of Angelic Anguish* Relapse

The band Incantation has returned to Relapse Records for the release of their mini-lp, *THE FORSAKEN MOURNING OF ANGELIC ANGUISH*. This album was recorded





## **BRUTAL TRUTH** *Sounds Of The Animal Kingdom* **Relapse**

The experimentation into the art of noise manipulation has taken leaps forward, or, backward with the release of Brutal Truth's, **SOUND OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.**

This 74 minute, 22

tioned loose by the brutal assault of the Damaged sound. This album isn't all noise like the sound of many bands of similar intensity, these guys can really play - really play. Check out the very wordy, fragmented writing style of the lyrics, and see if you can figure out the bizarre symbolism on and in the CD cover. Have fun kids.

## **CAUSE FOR ALARM**

### *Birth After Birth*

#### **Victory**

The band Cause For Alarm is one of my favorite hardcore bands because they remind me of M.O.D., although, it's probably the other way around since C.F.A. has been around since 1983. The two bands may have a similar sound but that's where the similarities end. You can hardly compare the philosophical, political, and socially aware messages contained in Keith Burkhardt's (C.F.A.) lyrics to M.O.D. classics such as "Spandex Enormity" or "Bubble Butt". Anyway, Cause For Alarm has a new six song E.P. titled, **BIRTH AFTER BIRTH.**

song collection finds the band delving into every aspect of grind/hard/noisecore imaginable. Some of the more fluid songs like, "Jemenez Cricket" and "Dead Smart" contain defined grooves, while other songs such as "Calous" are over so quickly you'll hardly have a chance to blink. You'll really find yourself on the "edge of your seat" when the band rips through track ten, "Fisting". To round the album out we have track 20, "4:20" which is actually three minutes of total silence, while track 21, "Unbaptized" is three minutes and twenty seconds of pure noise - I can't decide which one I like more. The last song on the album, "Prey" is a continuation from track 21. It's almost twenty-two minutes of the same 5 second passage looped over and over again, and if you listen for the entire twenty-two minutes will be wishing the album ended with track 21. This album isn't for everyone, but maybe just maybe, **YOU ARE NOT** just everyone.

—Forgach

# IF I RULED THE WORLD...

**White guys could no longer say things like "Whassup Bro" or "I'm down with that"**

**BYU officials would be forced to watch "Deep Throat" and write reports on obscenity, and thusly stop embarrassing us in front of the rest of the country**

**Shaquille O'Neal would have his jaw wired shut**

**Xmas traditions like mistletoe and egg nog would be replaced with traditions like "having sex with me" and "stuffing my pockets with cash"**

**David Locke (1320 kfan) would have his jaw wired shut**

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# DAILY CALENDAR

**Friday, December 5**

Brook Bloomfield - *Crocodile Lounge*  
Backwash - *Dead Goat*  
Boogie Shoes w/Chola - *Liquid Joe's*  
Pagan Love Gods - *Spankys*  
The Love Mongers - *Zephyr*

**Saturday, December 6**

Second Hand Grace - *Burt's Tiki*  
Lisa Marie & the Co-Dependents - *Dead Goat*  
Highwater Pants - *Liquid Joe's*  
PCP Berzerker & Wooden Slats - *Spankys*  
Disco Drippers - *Zephyr*

**Sunday, December 7**

Acoustic Goat - *Dead Goat*  
Wooden Slats - *Zephyr*

**Monday, December 8**

Andrew "Jr. Boy Jones" - *Dead Goat*

**Tuesday, December 9**

Indigenous - *Dead Goat*  
Trouser Trout - *Zephyr*

**Wednesday, December 10**

Scrotum Poles - *Burt's Tiki*  
Manti La Sal - *Crocodile Lounge*  
Jubilation - *Dead Goat*  
Clarence Diggs & the Jon Shuman Jazz  
Equation - *Spankys*

Mr. Furley & the Regal Begals - *Zephyr*

**Thursday, December 11**

Gigi Love Band - *Burt's Tiki*  
Clayton Carr - *Crocodile Lounge*  
Final Junction - *Dead Goat*  
Pimp and Ho - *Liquid Joe's*  
The Uneven Circa and Sand - *Spankys*  
Katey McCloud - *Zephyr*

**Friday, December 12**

Atomic Delux - *Burt's Tiki*  
Gina French - *Crocodile Lounge*  
Jive Cats - *Dead Goat*  
Fat Paw - *Liquid Joe's*  
Blanche, Fistful and Love Sucker - *Spankys*  
Five Fingers of Funk - *Zephyr*

**Saturday, December 13**

Swamp Cooler - *Burt's Tiki*  
Mighty Dave & Crescent City Thunder - *Crocodile Lounge*  
Naomi - *Dead Goat*  
Elbow Finn - *Liquid Joe's*  
Allegro, Harlets & Bloodfish - *Spankys*  
Disco Drippers - *Zephyr*

**Sunday, December 14**

AcousticGoat - *Dead Goat*  
Holley McNarland & Velvet Alex - *Spankys*

**Monday, December 15**

Eddie Burks and Delta  
Blue - *Dead Goat*  
The Flys, Lugnut-  
*Spankys*  
Cork - *Zephyr*

**Tuesday, December 16**

Goat Jam - *Dead Goat*  
Yer Highness, We All  
Fall Down, Unlucky  
Boys - *Zephyr*

**Wednesday,  
December 17**

Clayton Carr - *Crocodile Lounge*  
Tanya Townsmend -  
*Dead Goat*

Big Ass Truck - *Liquid Joe's*  
The Dana Andrews -  
*Spankys*

Mr. Furley & the Regal  
Beagles - *Zephyr*

**Thursday, December  
18**

Simpletons - *Burt's Tiki*  
Kris Zeeman - *Crocodile Lounge*  
Up Yer Sleeve - *Dead Goat*  
Pimp and Ho - *Liquid Joe's*

Son of Speyburn & Velvet Alex - *Spankys*  
Fat Paw - *Zephyr*  
Killcare, Tripphammer, Lyndal Control,  
Propeller - Union Bld, U of U -7:00 pm

**Friday, December 19**

Sturgeon General - *Burt's Tiki*  
Jubilation - *Crocodile Lounge*  
Zion Tribe - *Dead Goat*  
Disco Drippers - *Liquid Joe's*  
Second Hand Grace & Greather Than -  
Less Than - *Spankys*  
Gamma Rays - *Zephyr*

**Saturday, December 20**

Sturgeon General - *Burt's Tiki*  
Might Dave and His Crescent City  
Thunder - *Crocodile Lounge*  
Gigi Love Band - *Dead Goat*  
Disco Drippers - *Liquid Joe's*  
Thirsty Alley, Loraine Horstmanshaaff &  
Kirsty McDonald - *Spankys*  
Jerry Joseph & the Jack Mormons w/Girth  
- *Zephyr*

**Sunday, December 21**

Frank Zappa Tribute w/Chungas Revenge  
- *Spankys*

Acoustic Goat - *Dead Goat*  
The Sireen - *Zephyr*

**Monday, December 22**

Tempo Timers - *Dead Goat*  
The Ignitors - *Zephyr*

**Tuesday, December 23**

Goat Jam - *Dead Goat*  
The Jay Johnson Band - *Zephyr*

**Wednesday, December 24**

Manti La Sal - *Crocodile Lounge*

**Friday, December 26**

Misty Murphy - *Crocodile Lounge*  
Harry Lee and the Back Alley Blues Band -  
*Dead Goat*  
Honest Engine - *Liquid Joe's*  
PCP Berserker & Swamp Donkey - *Spankys*  
Salsa Brava - *Zephyr*

**Saturday, December 27**

Mighty Duck - *Crocodile Lounge*  
Moses Guest - *Dead Goat*  
Salsa Brava - *Zephyr*

**Sunday, December 28**

Acoustic Goat - *Dead Goat*  
King Trance - *Zephyr*

**Monday, December 29**

Walking Cain Mark - *Dead Goat*  
Jesus Rides a Rickshaw, One Eye, Poink -  
*Spankys*  
Copper Street Fair - *Zephyr*

**Tuesday, December 30**

Goat Jam - *Dead Goat*  
Highwater Pants - *Zephyr*

**Wednesday, December 31**

Smilin Jack and the Back Alley Blues Band  
- *Dead Goat*  
Disco Drippers - *Liquid Joe's*

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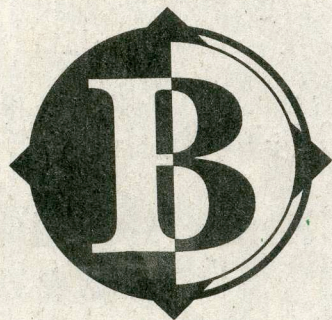


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